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VOL. II.]

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

[No. 8.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF H. FUSELI, Esq. By J. KNOWLES,
F.R.S. In 3 Vols. 8vo. 1831.

THERE has been no complaint repeated more frequently or expressed more loudly against the predilections of the British public, than upon the very lavish patronage bestowed in times past upon those foreigners who have brought their talents to our market. In this complaint we must confess we cannot altogether agree—certainly not, at least, to the extent to which it has been carried; as we believe it is to this very predilection we are indebted for many very beneficial consequences, and recognize in it one of the principles and causes of our national greatness. If we look into history, we shall find that those countries have for the most part risen to the highest eminence which have been freest from the folly and prejudice of rejecting the services of persons of merit, merely because they happened to be citizens of a different state. The Greeks, the earliest nation of whom we have any sufficient data to guide us upon such a question, though they may perhaps be quoted as instances against us, we consider as affording an instance in our favour. True it is they termed all other nations barbarians, as they might in most cases justly have done in comparison with their own state of civilization; but in the original acceptation of the term they certainly intended no greater stigma than that of their being merely foreigners. In conduct too, though split into a hundred different states, and still more into a hundred hereditary and most deadly dissensions, yet they never hesitated in times of emergency to forget their feuds, and select from their neighbours those individuals who were best qualified to serve them. The Romans in the course of their extraordinary conquests made it most wisely an invariable part of their policy to

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bestow the rights of citizenship on almost every state that stood in their way,—thus giving them the most direct interest in the prosperity of the Republic, and gratifying their pride by an association with her fame. Without going further, however, to prove the wisdom of such a course, or the narrow-minded policy of other nations who have not followed their example, we will at once come to the observation already hinted,—that the lavish patronage complained of is to be referred to that freedom from prejudice against foreign merit which is the characteristic of this country. Defoe has justly made his True-born Englishman a mixture of every nation, as the True-born American may be more justly said to be in our day; but certainly England has never shown, at least among the better classes of her people, any little unworthy prejudice against either foreign or provincial merit. Her monarchs have almost invariably been taken from other countries; and she has viewed without, at best, more than a passing sarcasm, the circumstance of finding her armies led and her councils directed by individuals not strictly of English birth. When such examples have been given in the highest departments of the state, it can be no matter of surprise that foreigners proficient in art should have been received by an enlightened nation with that welcome of admiration due to their merits, or that our artists themselves (much to their honour) should have participated in those feelings. Accordingly we find that such individuals have been met not only with a favourable reception, but with all the honours it was their right to expect. Thus West and several others of his countrymen received the earliest ungrudging distinctions due to their merits; and lately, when a successor to Sir T. Lawrence was to be chosen, the two individuals more particularly pointed out to share his honours were natives of the sister kingdoms. Were the Continent to send us again a Rubens or a Vandyke, or even a Lely or a Kneller, they would certainly and deservedly meet with a becoming welcome; but happily they would not carry away the undivided admiration of the world of taste. We should be able to show the possession of equal talent, while at present we may boast a marked superiority in the arts over all the states of the Continent. Of those foreigners who have in later times given us the advantage of their talents, the most conspicuous is Fuseli, whether we consider him as an artist, or more abstractedly as a man of genius. With first-rate classical acquirements, the most exquisite sensibility of taste in art, and the wildest and most unbounded imagination, one might have expected (finding in him all the elements of a great painter) that he would have produced works to claim unqualified admiration. But there is a singular perverseness in the decrees of nature, seldom to

clothe any one individual with all the powers and attributes that lead to excellence in art. To some she denies invention; to some execution in drawing—some are deficient in taste and judgment, and some in tone and colouring. The mind and the eye ought alike to be those of the painter; and if either be deficient in any of the necessary qualifications, it will be vain to seek for that fame which the world will only award to a universal excellence.

Henry Fuseli, or Füssli*, was born at Zurich on the 7th of February 1741. If ever a painter was born devoted, as it were, to the Arts, Fuseli might claim that distinction; for his father and several others of his family were painters, and the celebrated Gessner was his godfather. The elder Fuseli, like Gessner, was also both author and painter; and among other works published the *Lives of the Helvetic Painters*, in which Mr. Knowles says he received considerable assistance in arrangement and style from his son. Though a painter himself and enthusiastically attached to the Arts, the elder Fuseli wished to bring up his son to the clerical profession, and discouraged to the utmost of his power that predilection for his future studies which he already manifested. "Perhaps too," says Mr. Knowles, "his dislike to his son's being an artist may also have arisen from the notion that he would never excel in the mechanical part of painting; for in youth he had so great an awkwardness of hands, that his parents would not permit him to touch anything liable to be broken or injured. His father has often exclaimed, when such things were shown to his visitors, 'Take care of that boy, for he destroys or spoils whatever he touches'."

But Fuseli's love for the pursuit was not to be checked; "for he bought with his small allowance of pocket-money, candles, pencils, paper, &c., in order to make drawings when his parents believed him to be in bed. These he sold to his companions, the produce of which enabled him to purchase materials for the execution of other drawings." Some of his early drawings are now in Mr. Knowles's possession; and they altogether appear to have partaken much of that style which distinguished his productions in after years, though with perhaps a considerable imitation of the designs of the artists of Germany, and especially of Zurich; though these "possessed great powers of invention and had a firm and bold outline, yet their figures are not to be commended for proportions or elegance, and the mannerism of their works was a dangerous example for a student to follow." So determined and bent was Fuseli

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Thus, with reference to his most popular picture, 'The Nightmare,' "which," says Mr. Knowles, "when placed in the annual exhibition of 1782, excited, as it naturally would, an uncommon degree of interest,"—though we are informed that Fuseli "painted at different periods several pictures of it with variations or additions," we have not one traced to an owner in the present day: and yet this, with regard to works of art, is a piece of knowledge most interesting to the artist and amateur. Not having the same means of knowledge as Mr. Knowles, we can only observe, that one is, we believe, in the possession of the Marquis of Bute, and another we recollect to have seen at one of the provincial exhibitions some years since in the North of England. Notwithstanding Fuseli's determination to devote himself to painting, he continued to cultivate the friendship of literary men, and lent his aid to literature, not only by means of contributions to the *Analytical Review*, but more especially to correct and afterwards to recommend to the world Cowper's Translation of Homer. In this he showed his intimate acquaintance with the Greek language and literature, and received the thanks of the poet, who, towards the close of his preface, termed him "the ingenious and learned Mr. Fuseli;" whom he also styles in the same place, "the best critic in Homer he had ever met with."

To Mr. Alderman Boydell's ill-fated speculation of the *Shakspeare* Gallery, Fuseli sent ten pictures, all of which have been engraved, and met with considerable notice from the public. He also lent the aid of his pencil, though the particulars are not given, to the Macklin and Woodmason Galleries,—speculations set on foot in imitation of Boydell's example.

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In the same year Fuseli projected his scheme of the Milton Gallery, which was opened to the public on the 20th of May 1799, with forty pictures, painted by him in the interval, from Milton's works. How different was the state of the periodical press then from what it is at present, may be judged from the following extract:—"Unfortunately for Fuseli, some of the newspapers of the day were so inimical to this exhibition, that it was difficult for him to get an advertisement inserted; and even money would not induce the editors to give a place to any paragraph which his friends wished to insert in its favour." If the editors in so doing showed their ignorance or inability to appreciate high art, it is clear at least that they showed their honesty at the same time; and *that* is more than can be said for many a modern production, and its consequent eulogium. But the editors only participated in the public taste. The speculation proved ruinously unproductive: for at the close of the exhibition, the money taken was not sufficient to pay the rent of the premises and the expenses of advertisements and attendants. We need not, however, plume ourselves in the present day upon any higher attainments in taste; for we doubt if such an exhibition were now to be opened, unless under the immediate patronage of fashion, whether it would meet with any better success. Certainly Fuseli's works, wonderful as they undoubtedly were for invention, were seldom such as to meet with popular favour. They partook much of that exaggeration and mysticism which he had imbibed from his German origin and education; and it was impossible for him to expect sympathy from the English public, or to be appreciated except by artists of a higher order. Those lower in the scale of talent would carp, some at his drawing, some at his colouring; but few would forget these faults (as they ought to have done) in the appreciation of his excellencies.—In the following year Fuseli opened his Gallery again, with the addition of seven other pictures; but it met with still less success than before, notwithstanding the efforts which many of his friends and admirers, and those which the Academicians as a body, much to their credit, seem to have made with great fervour on his behalf.

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upon drawing, that he would even occupy himself with it while his father, either by way of family devotional exercises, or with a view to his intended clerical profession, was "reading the Paraphrases of Doddridge, or the Sermons of Gotz or Saurin; and the better to escape observation, he used his left hand for that purpose. This practice made him ambidextrous during his life." Few persons ever rise to eminence in the eyes of the public who have not early in life shown indications of a passion for some peculiar study out of the pursuits of common mortals. Fuseli's passion, which indeed attended him through life, was entomology, a pursuit which is singularly adapted for a painter and lover of nature, and in which he was assisted by his brother Caspar, who afterwards wrote several valuable works on the subject. At the usual age Fuseli was placed as a student at the Collegium Carolinum at Zurich, where he became acquainted with Lavater, and several other persons who afterwards distinguished themselves in the world of letters.

In due course of time, having graduated at the University, Fuseli with his friend Lavater took orders, and seems to have excited considerable notice as a preacher. But his turn of mind was little calculated for such a profession. He preferred the busier walks of life, and having engaged in some measures of literary opposition to the petty tyranny of the powers that were in his native city, was compelled to fly, notwithstanding he obtained the redress of some wrongs, and the punishment of an unjust magistrate by this means. But he had awakened the indignation of a party and a powerful family; and, revenge being stronger than gratitude, became a wanderer for some time in different parts of Europe, until at last, in 1763, he accepted a liberal offer of patronage made him by Sir A. Mitchell, the English Minister at the Court of Prussia, and came with him to England. His principal object in this was to further the plan of some of the German literati to establish a regular channel of literary communication between Germany and England, he having by this time made considerable proficiency in the English language, of which he afterwards became so far a master as to be acknowledged one of the best authors of the country. On his arrival in England Fuseli relied principally for support on the booksellers, who seem then to have possessed a degree of liberality, or at least discernment of merit, in which their successors in the craft have not learned to follow their example. But he had not altogether forgotten his early love for the Arts, and continued with his literary pursuits to obtain some little assistance from his drawings and designs. After an unfortunate attempt to obtain lordly patronage as travelling tutor to the son of Earl Waldegrave, he returned to England deter-

mined to devote himself to the Arts, for the encouragement of which the Royal Academy was then about being established. In pursuance of his plan he obtained an introduction to Sir J. Reynolds, who upon seeing some of his drawings, is said by Mr. Knowles to have assured Fuseli, "that were he at his age and endowed with the ability of producing such works, if any one were to offer him an estate of one thousand pounds a year on condition of being anything but a painter, he would without the least hesitation reject the offer." This anecdote Mr. Knowles no doubt relates on what he considers good authority; but we cannot help thinking that Fuseli's feelings led him to attach a stronger sense to the kind expressions of encouragement which the courtly President used, than perhaps what the President intended. Under such encouragement, however, he continued his attention to the Arts, and besides cultivated the friendship of several illustrious literary characters who adorned the age; and by his labours, critical and polemical, maintained a high place even among them as an author.

In 1770, however, Fuseli having determined to devote himself entirely to painting, paid a visit to Italy, whence, after an interval of nine years, during which time he visited his native city, he returned to England.—In a late Number we had to regret that we had so few of the opinions on the state of the Arts formed by Sir T. Lawrence during his visit to Italy. But Mr. Knowles has dismissed this subject in still fewer words, and in a still more unsatisfactory manner. Only one letter written by Fuseli is given, and that but very little to the purpose. Surely if no more of his correspondence could be procured, sufficient could have been remembered of those opinions, which, as he had formed strongly, he never hesitated to express freely, of what he had seen. True, it is said that "although he paid minute attention to the works of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and the other great men whom Italy has produced, yet he considered the antique and Michael Angelo as his masters, and formed his style upon their principles;" and that "he did not spend his time in measuring the proportion of the several antique statues, or in copying the fresco or oil pictures of the great masters of modern times, but in studying intensely the principles upon which they had worked; in order to infuse some of their power and spirit into his own productions." But this vague manner of writing is ill suited to the subject, and is all that is said upon it.

It would far exceed our limits to follow Mr. Knowles through his enumeration of the works of so unwearied a devotee to the Arts as Fuseli. The admirer of his genius will refer to it with satisfaction, mingled however with regret that it is not somewhat fuller in its details.

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Knowles's Life of Fuseli.

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claims with a well-merited deference to his learning and talents. The Lectures were published the same year, and have since been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages. Though not to be compared with Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses for general information, or the mastery of those universal principles which pervade all time and all space, only applied with wonderful powers of adaptation to the purposes of art, Fuseli's lectures showed a deep insight into the principles of art, explained with a perspicuity and enforced with an earnestness which met with even more attention and general popularity. Though he never could conquer the difficulties of pronunciation, his knowledge of the English language was perfect; and his audience, in listening to his animated and eloquent addresses, almost forgot they were listening to one who had made their country but the country of his adoption. This chair he vacated in 1804, when he was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy: but in 1806 he again delivered his course of lectures,—Opie, who had been elected Professor in his place, not having then prepared his Course. The following year Opie died, somewhat unexpectedly, after he had delivered only four lectures, when Mr. Tresham was elected; but he having resigned on the plea of ill health in 1810, it seemed the general wish that Fuseli should be re-elected, notwithstanding a by-law of the Academy, which forbade the same person to hold two offices. A resolution was therefore passed, that this law should be held void in this case; and Fuseli received the high and extraordinary compliment paid him by a society of artists jealous always (and justly) of punctilious attention to their rules, but who waived their objections in consideration of his superior merits.

In the same year he resumed his lectures, which were enriched with many observations which he had made during a visit to France to see the collection of pictures congregated together from all parts of the Continent by Napoleon. Fuseli regretted their removal from their ancient homes; but for the student, perhaps, it may be a matter of regret that they could not in justice have been allowed to continue at Paris, rather than dispersed over so wide a space as to put it out of the power of any but the wealthy to profit by an inspection of them. In 1810 also Fuseli published a second edition of his 'Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters,' a work which he first seems to have undertaken, at the request of his friend Johnson the bookseller, as a task, but which he now brought forward more carefully, with the addition of more than three hundred names and characters of artists, and altogether considerably enlarged and improved.

In 1815 Mr. Knowles was introduced to Fuseli, who afterwards

appointed him his executor; and Mr. Knowles has accordingly, in praiseworthy furtherance of the trust reposed in him, favoured the world with the present work of biography.

The acquaintance soon ripened into a great degree of friendship, for Mr. Knowles's admiration of Fuseli's talents was unbounded, and the latter could not but feel a reciprocal gratitude for his attentions. From this time, accordingly, Mr. Knowles seems to have been much with Fuseli; and several of his letters are given in addition to those introduced in other parts of the work addressed to different persons, but which all disappoint us in the scanty character of his correspondence, so different from what we should have expected in one so full to overflowing as he was of thoughts and feelings to communicate. We fear Mr. Knowles has been too particular in his choice, and has erred in making his extracts too common-place when he wished to make them select. In the autumn of 1818, he attended Fuseli (then in his 78th year), and Mrs. Fuseli, to Ramsgate, and has given an interesting account of the manner in which they passed their time. Mr. Knowles there collated the 'Aphorisms on Art,' under Fuseli's inspection, in their present shape, and prepared them for the press. They are given in the second volume, and form not the least interesting portion of Mr. Knowles's labours. In 1820, Fuseli published another edition of the Lectures before mentioned, with three others, and an Introduction, which he called 'A characteristic Sketch of the principal technic Instruction, ancient and modern, which we possess.' These also Mr. Knowles has republished in his second and third volumes, with six additional lectures from manuscripts left by Fuseli; and although some passages are repeated in several places, we think Mr. Knowles has exercised a proper discretion in not running the chance of destroying the connection of the passages by any attempt to prune the redundancies.

Having incurred the penalty due from advanced age, of witnessing the loss of friends, which our great moralist has so feelingly deplored, Fuseli found himself in the spring of 1825 so far enfeebled as to repeat to his biographer with characteristic emphasis, "My friend, I am fast going to that bourne whence no traveller returns." His anticipations were soon realized, as he died shortly after, on the 16th of April, at the residence of his steadfast friend the Countess Guilford, who with her two daughters soothed, as much as it was in human power to do, the severity of his mortal sufferings. On the 25th of the same month he was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, between the remains of Sir J. Reynolds and those of Opie, and was attended to the grave by the President and most of the members of the Royal Academy, and a number

of his private friends and admirers. He left the whole of what property he possessed to his widow, thus marking in the most pointed manner his sense of her character.

Those who are anxious to know more fully the particulars of Fuseli's productions (and what lover of art will not be?) will find much gratification, but also much disappointment, in perusing Mr. Knowles's work. Many interesting particulars are given; but many others have been omitted, no doubt merely because they were so evident to Mr. Knowles's own mind as to lead him to fancy them less important than they really were. We will not be so hypercritical as to quarrel with Mr. Knowles for his execution of the work he has undertaken. He evidently has done it more from a feeling of duty and regard for the memory of his friend than love for the task itself; and he has modestly intimated, that he wishes it to be considered more as materials "for the assistance of some future biographer." In this light we feel great pleasure in awarding the work our fullest approbation; though we cannot but regret that he should have thought proper to accede to what was no doubt the suggestion of his publishers, and spun through three expensive volumes what might and ought to have been given to the world in two, without any other diminution of its value than the selling price. Such a practice may be very proper as regards fashionable novels, but the Arts ought not to be placed at such a disadvantage. In accordance with this plan too, there are several common-place letters from persons of not any very commanding interest or character, inserted; evidently to fill up a certain quantity of pages, as if the author had received a summons to that effect from the printer,—a circumstance the more unpardonable in the biography of a man whose whole life was one string of anecdotes of the greatest interest. Of these Mr. Knowles has only inserted just as many as will not allow us to complain of a total omission; and from them we extract the following as most characteristic. "At the election of West to the chair of the Royal Academy in 1803, after a secession of twelve months, the votes for his return to the office of President were unanimous, except one which was in favour of Mrs. Lloyd, then an Academician. Fuseli was taxed by some of the members with having given this vote, and answered, 'Well, suppose I did, she is eligible to the office, and is not one old woman as good as another?'" At another time, making a visit to Windsor with Opie and the celebrated Bonnycastle, the two painters endeavoured to palm the Scriptural subjects of West upon the mathematician for the Cartoons of Raphael; but though he was not a competent judge of works of art, he was too well read not to detect their intentions. Bonnycastle then wished to show his critical

knowledge, and ventured upon the observation usually made on the Cartoon of 'The miraculous Draught of Fishes', that the boat was not sufficiently large for the men, much less for the lading. Fuseli instantly answered, "By G—d, Bonnycastle, that is a part of the miracle." Like most other celebrated conversationalists, however, we suspect that he owed his fame in this respect more to manner than to his wit, which in his case would be heightened by the peculiar effect of a foreign accent.

One of Fuseli's greatest admirers was the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir T. Lawrence, who seems indeed to have looked on him with feelings of awe as well as of admiration. No doubt Sir Thomas was sincere in this feeling, but he was also deeply aware of Fuseli's powers of sarcasm and vituperation. Mr. Knowles reflects back this admiration upon Sir Thomas, and in noticing the 'Satan calling up his Legions' by the latter, observes; "that the style of drawing, as well as its tone of colour abundantly prove that he would have been equally distinguished for his powers in treating epic subjects as his portraits, if he had employed his pencil exclusively thereon." With all deference to Mr. Knowles, we must say it proves no such thing. Neither for "drawing" nor "for tone of colour" is it particularly "distinguished"; and for the remainder of his eulogium, it has not the merit of being either original or suitable for the subject. In this it was borrowed, only changing the figure, from Fuseli's 'Satan calling up his Legions', a picture in which the story is told by a view of the legions springing up at his call, instead of *our* being called upon to imagine it upon being told the subject, and shown a naked gigantic figure staring as if with all his might. We think it most unfortunate for Sir Thomas Lawrence's fame that he ever painted the picture; for it would be difficult for any one judging merely from the exquisite success of many of his portraits, his female ones especially, to imagine that he could have failed so egregiously in the other. Could, by any possibility, an amalgamation have been made of the talents of the two artists,—could the invention of Fuseli have been coupled with Lawrence's powers of execution, and the fire of the former tempered with the taste and judgment of the latter, England perhaps would have seen another painter who would almost have been entitled to be termed perfect; but such a character it is enough for a country to be able to show at all in her history.

Fuseli's great excellence, as we have intimated, consisted in his imagination; and so conscious was he of it, and with natural self-love laid so much stress upon it and its consequent merits of expression, that he disregarded more than he ought to have done the proprieties of draw-

ing and the disposition of colour. But his chiar'-oscuro was faultless, and the effect of his compositions eminently successful.

Fuseli's natural disposition, though extremely irritable and perhaps self-opinionative, was also remarkable for much innate kindness; and the students of the Academy who benefited by his labours gave him, as he deserved, their unbounded affection.

"As a teacher of the Fine Arts, whether Fuseli be considered in his capacity of Professor of Painting, or in that of Master in the schools of the Royal Academy, his knowledge stands unrivalled: in the first, for critical acumen; and in the second, which now more properly comes under consideration, for the soundness of his judgment, for the accuracy of his eye, and for the extensive knowledge which he possessed of the works of the ancient and modern masters. To the students he was a sure guide and able master, ever ready to assist by his instructions modest merit, and to repress assumption; and if he felt convinced that a youth was not likely to arrive at eminence as an artist, he was the first to persuade him to relinquish that pursuit, rather than proceed in the path which would only end in ruin or disappointment. He always held the opinion, however liable to objection, that there is no such thing in the universe of mind as

————— 'a flower born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;'

for every man, he considered, would show what is in him, and do all that his nature has qualified him to do. To those who presumed upon a talent which they did not possess, no man was more severe. It was no uncommon thing with him, if he found in the Antique Academy a young man careless about the accuracy of his lines, and intent only upon giving a finished appearance to his drawing, to cut in, with his sharp thumb-nail, a correct outline, and thus spoil, in the opinion of the student, his elaborate work. That the English school of design gained great advantages by his appointment of Keeper of the Academy, cannot be doubted; and, to be convinced of this, it is only necessary to refer to the able works of living artists, Hilton, Etty, Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, Haydon, Briggs, and others, who were his pupils."

Fuseli has had the advantage of having his works perpetuated by the graphic labours of one of the sincerest of his admirers, Mr. Haughton, who lived we believe for many years with him, and engraved the principal of his pictures under his immediate inspection. From these the public have long been led to an acquaintance with and admiration of those works (the pictures in the Milton Gallery), which may be justly said to be a paraphrase with equal powers of invention and poetical ability, rather than a bare translation of the imaginings of the immortal poet.

We cannot close our article without quoting the following admirable critique on Fuseli's genius, from the pen of Mr. Ottley, whose services to the Arts in this country it is almost impossible to estimate too highly, any more than we can his intimate knowledge of its principles.

"An intimate acquaintance with the learned languages had early enabled him to fill his mind from the rich storehouses of ancient poesy; he was all energy and imagination. But in his youth, not then intending to practise painting professionally, he had not subjected himself, as an artist, to the restraints of an academic education. To curb his genius afterwards was impossible; and to this circumstance we must attribute much of that fine wildness of character which distinguishes his performances; not unmixed, it is true, with a certain exaggeration of manner in the drawing and action of the figures, but which still no person of fancy would consent to exchange for the regulated but cold manner too often learned in schools. Had it been the intention of Mr. Fuseli to devote his pencil to the representation of subjects of real, sober history, the every-day occurrences of life, this peculiarity in his style, often amounting to extravagance, would have been inapplicable. But it has ever been his aim, especially in his larger works, to soar in the sublime regions of poetry;—and what, it may be asked, is poetry, if entirely divested of amplification?

"A style founded upon ordinary nature, such as we see every day, is certainly ill fitted to subjects of the above elevated description; and should it be objected as a consequence of this fact, that such subjects are therefore not the proper subjects for painting at all, may it not be asked, what is then to be said of many of the greatest works of Michelangiolo, of several of those of Raffaelle, of the admired performances of Giulio Romano at Mantua, and of many of the most extensive compositions even of Rubens? Nor can it be insisted that such cases are not in point, inasmuch as those artists did not use the same exaggeration of style in their naked figures as we see in those of Mr. Fuseli: for although they did not exaggerate in the same manner, yet they all did exaggerate; Michelangiolo, by giving to his figures that immincy of character, which has occasioned them to be appropriately styled 'a race of giants'; Raffaelle and Giulio, amongst other things, by increasing in thickness the limbs of their figures beyond what nature will commonly be found to justify; and Rubens, by a mixed augmentation of muscle and obesity, which, were his figures alive, might perhaps be found to have given them, in most cases, the appearance of increased strength, without the reality: to say nothing of Parmigiano, whose works, though deservedly esteemed, often display, in the outlines and proportions of the figures, a far greater degree of extravagance than can generally be detected in those of the respected Professor of Painting to our Royal Academy*. But enough has been said to show that the greatest artists have not thought that a style of drawing strictly imitative of common nature, was well adapted to subjects of an ideal character. It may be proper that we should now add a few words upon the style of Mr. Fuseli in particular.

"It is well known that the human figure, trained and disciplined by gymnastic exercises, presents to the eye an appearance very different from that which we perceive in the bodies of persons of inert habits accidentally seen naked, or stripped for the purpose of being drawn from. The frequent opportunities of viewing the human figure naked, which were afforded to the ancient Greek artists by the public games and festivals used among them, could not fail to render this familiar to them; and accordingly, besides the correctness of proportion which we admire in their works, we find in their

* This character of Fuseli was written a short time previously to his death.

states the nicest distinctions of this kind, exactly suited to the age, dignity, and habits of life of the different personages they were intended to represent. To their figures of Gods and Heroes, it is well known they were accustomed to give proportions more or less differing from those which they commonly adopted when representing the figures of ordinary men; and this variation from anything like a common standard is especially observable in the celebrated colossal statue upon Monte Cavallo, of the sublime excellence of which all men may now form a judgment from the bronze cast of it lately erected in one of our Parks; for, besides that the arch formed under the breast by the ribs, and the divisions of the abdominal muscles are more strongly marked in that statue than in almost all others, the lower limbs bear to the rest of the figure a greater proportionate length than we find in perhaps any other example of ancient sculpture. A figure like this, uniting in the fullest manner strength and activity with dignity, was peculiarly adapted to subjects of an elevated and energetic character, such as at all times pressed upon the imagination of Mr. Fuseli; and accordingly he made its proportions the basis of his style. If it be urged that he too constantly kept to the proportions of the above model, it may be answered that few or none of the painters of modern times have shown a disposition to imitate the ancients in that nice discrimination of character in their naked figures, which has been noticed above; and it is well known that it has been objected, even against Michelangelo, the greatest designer of all, that the numerous figures in his stupendous 'Last Judgment', however varied in attitude, are all of nearly the same character of form. The fact is, that Mr. Fuseli's style of design is of the most elevated kind, and consequently best suited to subjects of a very elevated character.

"In respect of invention, composition, clair-obscur, the works of Mr. Fuseli generally merit unmixed praise; and although in the more technical parts of colouring they have not equal pretensions, still in this also they deserve commendation; being commonly painted in that solemn tone of colouring which we admire in the works of the greatest fresco-painters, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds observes to be so well adapted to the higher kind of pictorial representation. As an inventor, he equals the greatest painters that have lived since the restoration of the art. No one was ever more fully gifted with the rare faculty of at once discovering, in the writer he is perusing, the point of the story, and the moment of time best calculated to produce a forcible effect in painting. The loftier his subject, the more easily he reaches it; and when he undertakes that at which another artist would tremble, he is the most sure of success. The truth of this was especially made manifest in the year 1799, when Mr. Fuseli exhibited publicly a large collection of his works, under the title of 'The Milton Gallery'; the subjects of by far the greater part of the pictures having been taken by him from the 'Paradise Lost'. The magnificent imagery of this poem, the beautiful, the sublime, or the terrific character of the personages represented in it, and of the actions described, all combined to fit it for the display of the artist's surprising genius in its fullest force; besides which, the style of Mr. Fuseli was here exactly suited to his subject. But although the series, as a whole, was one of the greatest works of painting ever produced, (certainly in its kind the most perfect,) elevating the painter to the same rank as the poet; it failed, as the poem itself had originally done, to ensure to its author that immediate share of public favour which was his due, and which is sure to be attendant upon

successful endeavours in those inferior branches of the art which are more within the range of public capacity.

"But the fashion or opinion of the day in matters of taste is not always the judgment of posterity; and it cannot be too much regretted that the principal pictures of the series, at least, have not been kept together for the future advantage of our artists, and the gratification of those whose studies might hereafter qualify them to appreciate their excellence. For be it remembered, by such persons as might otherwise be too readily induced to undervalue that which they do not understand, that Sir Joshua Reynolds became, in the latter part of his life, 'clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour, and attention.'

ANECDOTES OF NORTHCOTE.

FEW studious men enjoyed life more than Mr. Northcote;—he was in the strictest sense of the word a philosopher. There is reason for believing that he commenced his career whilst a young man, upon a philosophical plan; and the system which he prescribed for himself being founded in sagacity, his good sense led him to maintain it with constancy.

Many have desired to lead a philosophical life, but few are constituted for it. Northcote was; indeed he possessed by nature almost all those attributes which furnish the stock in trade for one of the fraternity, and he husbanded his stock with the careful zeal of one determined upon celibacy.

It is believed that he was never in love. This saved him a world of trouble. He had no time for courtship, and no inclination to marry; thus circumstanced, he was at liberty to choose his own mode of living. He was naturally temperate, habitually careful, and practically parsimonious; yet being just withal, these qualities were only used by him for self-preservation,—he never employed them to the injury of others. To a man of observation, and at the same time one who had nothing else to do, the development of such a character as Northcote's would be sufficiently amusing. It may happen, however, that no one thus qualified, and at the same time thus disposed, may immediately offer his services for this purpose: meanwhile, the following recollections of the worthy Royal Academician may supply a portion of entertainment to those who may desire to know what sort of being he was in private, who had made himself so generally known as a painter to the public.

As to his person he was of low stature, being very little above five

feet in height, spare and lean withal. Speaking of him as a painter would think—as Northcote himself would have spoken indeed, of another such—"Gude God! he be the most perfect model for Shakspeare's Apothecary upon record." Could Garrick, or Barry*, have transformed themselves so as even to have *looked* the character, as did the painter, any underling of the green-room might for them have been welcome to take the part of Romeo.

One of the thousand-and-one sage maxims of Northcote, though not quoted for its originality, was,—that men might attain the age of the patriarchs of old but for their gluttony. Believing in the axiom, he determined not to commit this foolish *felo-de-se*, and ate so sparingly, that during the various periods which occurred within the last half century touching the alarm of general scarcity, he participated no more in the universal panic than a mouse in a granary. His maiden sister superintended his household economy, being as little inclined to self-indulgence as himself; their table was as frugally served as table well could be. This economy, be it known, was not the result of parsimony; for the servants, two in number, and females, were well supplied with all necessaries, and lived long and happily under an indulgent mistress and a kind master.

Mr. Northcote and his sister lived together in a most exemplary state of brotherly and sisterly affection: and if what we have heard be true, and we have no reason to doubt the fact, it savours so entirely of Mr. Northcote's good taste in such matters, that we venture to record the circumstance to the honour of his memory;—Miss Northcote has survived her brother, and it is asserted that he expressed a desire that everything in the house in Argyll-place, in which he died, may remain *in statu quo* during her life, lest their removal might be distressful to her feelings.

Now in this we can without much effort of the imagination fancy his manner of reasoning upon the subject.

Supposing him to be talking to some intimate, who might with friendly zeal urge the propriety of disposing of such a property immediately after his funeral for the advantage of the estate. The venerable painter would lay down his palette, and fixing his penetrating optics upon the adviser, vehemently declaim, "Gude God! how can ye propose such a thing!"

Adviser.—Propose! Why is it not what everybody does? If you wish to provide for your sister, or to convert—

* Barry was said to have excelled even Garrick in playing Romeo. His person was handsome and elegant—he looked the character.

Northcote.—I hav'n't patience with 'e—ye'll drive me mad! What have I to do with what others do? Poor thing! (meaning his sister) d'ye think she will not be sufficiently sad when my coffin be borne away and she be left desolate—that she be made of that worldly stuff to endure to see mercenary wretches violating the sanctity of every room in the house—tearing my pictures from the walls, and ransacking every nook and corner, and packing up, to cart away, what from long association is dearer to her than household gods, for filthy lucre's sake? No; the few years that she may be spared, I wish her to enjoy:—when she walks about her home, let her feel it is all her own, such as it be. Let her find nothing missing but her brother;—everything about her will comfort her. If I thought there was a power who could do these things—violate her home, with all the direful appearance of the visitation of legal harpies employed in levying a distress, I should rise from the grave and interpose. Where, think 'e, one like her will be likely to find happiness but in her old haunts? There, if such things be permitted, will my guardian spirit be; or, what may serve perhaps, there she may think it be. She is the very personification of that first of virtues—Content. I have left her enough for her humble notions of competency, and let her be at peace the few years that she may be spared. Talk to me of what others would do! I know it: That is why I think for myself, and act for myself:—there is no feeling, no sentiment in the world. I had rather my bones were torn from the grave and scattered to help to repair the roads, than that a single thing should be displaced to give her pain. If I go to the grave, should I be wretch enough to do that which should hasten her to join me there? No: Her sojourn here cannot be long, but let it be happy.

It was, from the earliest period that we remember Mr. Northcote, his custom to take an early morning walk; when he returned, he breakfasted, and went to his studio.

About eleven in the forenoon, unless he was engaged with a sitter for a portrait, his levee commenced. It rarely happened that he remained alone: not unfrequently two or three held him in conversation at the same time, and it often occurred that one friend succeeded another until five o'clock,—the time appointed for his dinner. Whatever picture he had in hand, he almost invariably proceeded upon it without the appearance of being interrupted by those who surrounded him. His knocker was constantly sounding, and he was rarely denied.

Those who were in the most familiar habits of intimacy were allowed to walk up-stairs to his little painting-room, who, on rapping at the door, found it opened by Northcote, palette, pencil, and malstick in

hand. His salutation almost invariably, accompanied by a searching glimpse of his acute eye, was, "O!—what,—is it you?" He then recommenced painting; and, turning towards the new-comer as he was about to replenish his palette with a squeeze of white or blue or black, he would ask some shrewd question touching the proceedings of some one who might be the talk of the day, whether in a political, civil, or professional capacity; and having obtained an answer, returning to his picture, he would begin his commentaries, and by degrees illustrate the subject by an extent of information, sometimes bearing directly upon the point, or at others by ingenious digression, which might be compared with the rich style of thinking which characterized some of the reasonings of the sterling old *Reviews*.

One of the earliest pictures of any importance that we recollect seeing him paint, was for Boydell's *Shakspeare*. For this he had a most multifarious assemblage of studies: he painted it in his front drawing-room;—easels, tables, chairs, stools, boards as spacious shelves crazily propped up, limbless lay-figures, tattered draperies suspended on lines; mutilated plaster casts of busts, masks, trunks, arms, hands, legs, and feet; painted studies by himself and others; prints almost innumerable, including a pretty sprinkling of mezzotintos from Sir Joshua; portraits in armour from Vandyke; helmets, cuirasses, gauntlets, greaves, and corslets; with battle-axes, swords, daggers, and other ancient implements of "murderous war,"—these all real; with an addenda of material sufficient to stock the museum of a veritable *virtuoso*: and in the midst, elevated on a temporary stage, the diminutive author of the great composition stood driving his work in with hog-tool, fitch, and sweetener,—to use the words of his brother cynic Fuseli, "with the inveterate diligence of a little devil stuccoing a mud-wall."

"Well!" ejaculated the painter, turning himself, and eyeing the surrounding group, "and what d'e think of it?" The subject was *The Entrance into London of Richard the Second and Bolingbroke*. "I think you are proceeding admirably," said one. "This will certainly be a hit, Mr. Northcote," said another. "O! ye think so, do 'e!" The painter was pleased; he was not always proof against flattery: indeed, he owned that a little of that commodity was grateful,—when a third exclaimed in an ecstacy, "Mr. Northcote, your horse is marvelously fine—you have rivalled Rubens!"

The painter remained silent for awhile; when, looking fiercely from his height down upon his panegyrist, he exclaimed, "D'e take me for an idiot? As well might ye compare me in stature to the Colossus of Rhodes!—It is *not* like Rubens!—I fear it is scarcely like a horse!"

On another visit, whilst he was yet engaged on this large picture, as it advanced towards completion, Mr. John Kemble made a morning call with some friends, amateurs of the drama, all of whom complimented the painter on the success of his work. Kemble observed, "Shakspeare is much indebted to you, and other gentlemen professors of your imitative pursuits, for the many splendid personifications with which you will identify your art with his knowledge of Nature." "I would willingly return you the compliment in kind," replied Northcote; "your acting, and that of my late friend Garrick, appear to me to be very fine; but I am not sure that our mutual compliments would be creditable to either. For my own part, I should not very willingly submit the test to Shakspeare, fearing that my perceptions would fall infinitely short of his;" adding, with a complacent smile, "Might he not say we had all of us sacrificed his meaning—to stage effect?" Kemble was not entirely of this opinion. "You have often seen Garrick, Mr. Northcote; and do you not think his perception of Shakspeare was just?" "I am a painter, and cannot be supposed to be a competent judge. You are not a painter, and think, or at least affect to think, highly of my work: I can abstract my mind sufficiently to know that it is not like enough to Nature to be like Shakspeare; and to speak truly, I have never seen acting such as I conceive could be approved by him."—"Nay!" interrupted Kemble and his friends.—"I say *Aye!*" exclaimed Northcote with vehemence: "I will be more plain—I have never witnessed acting that was not a trick; aye, such as Shakspeare could not have endured!" Kemble had scarcely quitted the threshold, than he observed, "I cannot but admire the spiteful little cynic's candour; but methinks he might be somewhat more courteous."

A professional friend of Northcote's had lately obtained an employment which brought him occasionally into the presence of Royalty. He was anxious to discover what passed at the first interview; and he asked all who happened to be acquainted with him, for information on the subject. No one had heard, and consequently no one could tell. At length the party himself knocked at the door of his *sanctum*. Northcote eyed him with unusual complacency, and added, to his salutation of "O! what is it you? Come in—I am verily about to give up the ghost in my fever of curiosity to know all about it."

"About what?" replied his friend with surprise.

"About what!" echoed Northcote: "Why hav'n't 'e seen the King, and hav'n't 'e seen the Queen? Gude God! I expected to have heard that you were in the seventh heaven, or confined in St. Luke's."

"O! yes, I have been introduced to Their Majesties, but——"

"O! then I see you will make nothing of it."

"Make! why no: I had the honour of a pretty long conversation with each, but I have heard nothing further."

"You were not overawed, then, in the royal presence?"

"Not at all. I spoke upon the subject, employment,—saying that I hope I was not wanting in deference to the royal personages,—as I would talk to you."

"O! then assure yourself that you can henceforth be spared. I began to envy you your new honours: I would not now purchase the reversion of your share of kingly patronage,—no, not at the price of a week's pay of a royal turn-broach*."

"You may perchance be mistaken, my friend."

"Think you so? I have lived a few years longer than you. There was Sir Joshua; he was commissioned to paint Their Majesties—the splendid whole-lengths for the council-chamber at the Royal Academy—indubitably two of the finest portraits in the world. He executed his commission, but he was never employed by Their Majesties again."

"You surprise me, Mr. Northcote! Why not?"

"Why not!—Why because he was a great man and a philosopher. He felt his own dignity, and was not at all overawed in the royal presence."

"You really astonish me! I should have thought, from the estimate which I had formed in my own mind of Sir Joshua's manners, that such amiable personages as the King and Queen would have delighted in his conversation, and honoured him with their patronage in preference to all other painters. The easy dignity of his manners, his suavity, his great reputation, his moral character, his——"

"Just so: but what then?"

"And have I not heard you say that he was courteous to every one? that his manners were so condescending and gracious, that even a journeyman frame-maker, sent by his master to take measure of a picture, and to receive orders for a frame, went away elevated in his own self-esteem from the gratification of the interview?"

"Even so. Such a man one would be almost induced to think was born to be a king,—but certainly not to be a courtier. Bless thee soul! how artless 'e be! Can't 'e see that one of his native dignity was more likely to strike awe into the King and Queen, who were comparatively young and inexperienced, than for he to be overawed by *they*? The one was only king of a great nation; whilst the other was the

* One of the lowest menial offices in the king's kitchen, *vulgo* turnspit.

greatest painter in the world. Hence, the balance of greatness preponderating on the side of the subject, the King, sensibly conscious, from the ease and self-dependence of manner of the painter, which were the greater man of the two, looked at the Queen with an expression which intimated, 'the sooner we are relieved from the annoyance of these sittings, so much the more agreeable:' and it was settled that they would never expose themselves to a similar experience."

" You lay down the law by a code of your own, my worthy friend ; and though I admit, with deference to your dramatic invention, that it might pass with many for *vrai ressemblance*,—I must say, it will never do, Master Northcote ! "

The painter laid down his palette for a moment, and eyeing him with the fierceness of a cockatrice, exclaimed, " Lord ! I did not think 'e so weak ! " then raising his voice, " I know that I am right. The King and Queen could not endure the presence of him ; he was poison to their sight. One or the other must give place. Reynolds performed his task unembarrassed, he proceeded with their likenesses as though he were studying from marble statues ; he was naturally polite, but only answered questions as he would to any individual lady and gentleman, saving that he forgot not to designate them becomingly. His hand was firm as his voice ; neither faltered, and he worked with reference to naught but his future fame ; his philosophic mind was abstracted to the one single object,—that of producing a fine picture."

" Well, my friend, you *may* be right."

" I know I be right"—resuming his palette and proceeding, " I could illustrate the case a thousand ways if I were not better employed." Fancy the painter now driving his colour with inveteracy, and after a silent pause of half a minute or so, rejoining, " No, the people to make their way at court must be constituted of different material to *he*. Doubtless, he would have been gratified by the honour of the royal countenance ; any one indeed would, if he were not a coxcomb or a fool : but Reynolds loved his independence ; he had a great, a glorious object in view, which he could accomplish without the smile of royalty. Do not suppose he was ignorant of the value of royal favour ; No,—Reynolds had a thorough knowledge of the world : he would have gladly possessed it ; but the price would have cost *him* too much."

The painter now seemed wrapped in the subject he was painting ; when his visitor happening to express his doubts as to the orthodoxy of his dictum, Northcote at once was roused to give utterance to the climax. " I tell 'e, both King and Queen felt so ill at ease in the presence of such a being, that shrinking into themselves—actually over-

awed by his intellectual superiority, they inwardly prayed to God that a trap-door might open under the feet of the throne, by which they might escape ;—his presence to both was terrible."

Thus hyperbolically was he wont to talk, when his mind was divided between conversation and painting, and thus was he impatient of contradiction.

" It is the same with Kings, as with the public headsman :—if the prisoner be overawed, the executioner does his duty without trepidation ; if, on the contrary, the victim deports himself with that dignified intrepidity with which Lord Balmarino met his fate, the headsman will stand appalled, totally unnerved, and incompetent to strike the fatal blow. So it happened when the two rebel lords, as they were designated, Kilmarnock and Balmarino, were about to lose their heads on a scaffold on Tower Hill, in George the Second's reign. Kilmarnock was a nervous man ; he trembled, was pale, and betrayed every demonstration of fear at the sight of the terrible apparatus of death. He knelt, laid his head upon the block, and it was stricken from his body at a blow. Balmarino now ascended the scaffold : his look was intrepid, his step was firm ; and slapping the executioner upon the shoulder, with a loud voice and unfaltering tongue exclaimed, ' You are a brave fellow, and have done your work dexterously. Here is a purse for you ; it contains not much—five guineas only, but I am a poor gentleman, it is all I can afford to give. Now dispatch me with equal skill.' Lord ! the man was not used to encounter such a great creature ; he appeared to be a superior being : the executioner could not stand in his presence, it was too awful for him ; the wretch was at once unmann'd, he was in a tremor from head to foot, and incapable of doing his duty ; he mangled the neck of the brave lord, and as he gave the last feeble stroke, was himself about to give up the ghost. Hitherto, mark ye, he had been the great man, important by virtue of his office ; but, behold, one so infinitely greater than he had been wont to see, reduced him to his own insignificance ; and he, who had sent so many out of the world with all the dignity of his calling, was now ready to fall on his knees with awe, and beg forgiveness of the victim he was legally employed to dispatch.

" No, in such interviews, either with Kings or their headsman, one of the two must stand in awe ; and the dignity, you will observe, sometimes will change hands.

" Now, the most grateful incense you can carry to the foot of the throne is humility. The celebrated Miss * * * * * managed the affair well : when she obtained an interview with Her Majesty Queen

Charlotte, she crawled to the foot of royalty, and with hysterical sobs expressed her overwhelming joy, at the thought of the length of days which this honour, this too gracious and over-descending goodness of Her Majesty would add to her beloved mother's happiness. The Queen, good lady, never felt so happy in her life, as on this occasion of the prostration of one of the cleverest and most distinguished of women, thus elevating her to the importance almost of a deity. Miss * * * * * henceforth lived envied, always flourishing in the golden sun-beams that emanate from the throne ; for she had the felicity, on good report, to become a favourite with Their Majesties the most august king and queen, and all the Royal Family ! ”

Northcote may be excused for these mistaken reveries touching courtiers and the court, when it is known that he was too honest a cynic to indulge in these reflections and play the courtier himself.

Some years since, a certain royal duke was at the head of those who chaperoned Master Betty, the Infant Roscius, at the period when the furor of fashionable folly made all the *beau-monde* consider it an enviable honour to be admitted within throne distance of the baby-actor.

Amongst others who obtained the privilege of making a portrait of this chosen minion of Fortune, was Mr. Northcote ; and we remember what crowds were wont to await his coming, around his painter's street-door in Argyll-place, to see him alight from the royal carriage.

There were usually three or four other persons, ladies and gentlemen of rank, who either accompanied His Royal Highness thither, or who met him at the studio of the painter.

Northcote, nothing awed by the splendid coteries that assembled there, maintained his opinions upon all subjects that were discussed : and it seems that his independence obtained for him the respect of all, though one pronounced him a cynic, another an eccentric, some a humourist, others a free-thinker, and the prince, with manly taste, in the nautical phrase dubbed a d——d honest, independent, little old fellow.

One day, however, the royal duke being left only with Lady —, the Young Roscius and the Painter, and perhaps worn a little out of patience with the tedium of an unusually long sitting, thought to beguile an idle minute by quizzing the personal appearance of the Royal Academician. It is well known, that Northcote at no period of life was either a buck, a blood, a fop, or maccaroni ; he soon dispatched the business of the toilette when a young man, and as he advanced to a later period he certainly could not be dubbed a dandy. The loose gown in which he painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might perchance be half a century old ; his white hair

was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. Thus loosely attired, the royal visitor, standing behind whilst he painted, gently lifted or rather twitched the collar of the gown, which Mr. Northcote resented by suddenly turning and expressing his displeasure by a frown. Nothing daunted, His Royal Highness presently, with his finger, touched the professor's grey locks, observing, "You do not devote much time to the toilette, I perceive—pray how long do you?"

Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me,—you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg Your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house." He then resumed his painting.

The prince, whatever he thought or felt, kept it to himself; and remaining silent for some minutes, Mr. Northcote addressed his conversation to the lady, when the royal duke, gently opening the door of the studio, shut it after him, and walked away.

Northcote did not quit his post, but proceeded with his painting. It happened that the royal carriage was not ordered until five o'clock,—it was now not four. Presently the royal duke returned, re-opened the door, and said, "Mr. Northcote, it rains, pray lend me an umbrella." Northcote, without emotion, rang the bell: the servant attended, and he desired her to bring her mistress's umbrella, that being the best in the house, and sufficiently handsome. The royal duke patiently waited for it in the back drawing-room, the studio door still open; when having received it, he again walked down stairs, attended by the female servant, who on opening the street-door, His Royal Highness thanked her, and spreading the umbrella, departed.

"Surely His Royal Highness is not gone,—I wish you would allow me to ask," said Lady ——. "Certainly His Royal Highness is gone," replied Northcote, "but I will inquire at your instance." The bell was rung again, and the servant confirmed the assertion.

"Dear Mr. Northcote," said Lady ——, "I fear you have highly offended His Royal Highness." "Madam," replied the painter, "I am the offended party." Lady —— made no remark other than wishing her carriage had arrived; which soon happening, Mr. Northcote courteously attended her down to the hall; he bowed, she curtsied, and stepping into her carriage, set off with the Infant Roscius.

The next day about noon, Mr. Northcote happening to be alone, a gentle tap was heard, and the studio door opened, when, as the gossips say, who do you think walked in but His Royal Highness.

"Mr. Northcote," said he, "I am come to return your sister's um-

brella, which she was so good as to lend me yesterday." The painter bowed, received it, and placed it in a corner.
"I brought it myself, Mr. Northcote, that I might have the opportunity of saying, that I yesterday thoughtlessly took a very unbecoming liberty with you, and you properly resented it; I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

"And what did you say?" inquired the first friend to whom he related the circumstance. "Say! Gude God! what would 'e have me have said? Why nothing: I only bowed, and he might see what I felt. I could at the instant have sacrificed my life for him;—such a prince is worthy to be a King!" The venerable painter had the gratification to live to see him a King.

[To be continued.]

SKECHES BY A TRAVELLING ARCHITECT.

ANCIENT ROME.—For an account of the rise and progress of architecture in the ancient city, I would refer to a work entitled 'Twenty select Views of the Roman Antiquities, lithographed by Baynes from original Drawings made on the spot by George Wightwick, Architect; where also there are brief descriptions of the more celebrated remains now standing. The probable disappointment of the English traveller at first beholding them, is there alluded to, in reference to the disadvantages under which many of them are seen, being either obscured by surrounding buildings, or otherwise disagreeably situated.

The architectural student, however, who by books and engravings frequently studied is conversant with the venerable objects he is about to visit, and superadds, perhaps, the pleasures of historical association to those of a professional character, descends into the precincts of the Forum with a delight which he alone can know. His heart beats at the sight of "Old Septimius Severus," by which title he designates the dingy portal at the southern foot of the Capitol; and he wanders with an eye of rapturous greeting among the veteran objects of his early study, accosting them familiarly and unprompted by their proper names—not regarding them as novelties, but fondly hailing them as the friends of former years, the ministers to laudable ambition, the parents of his professional zeal;—careless how they are clothed or attended, he is only *too happy* to meet them as tangible substances, "palpable to

feeling as to sight." But there are many who visit the "eternal city" with no such feelings, even in degree;—untractable fellows of fact, who, when you show them a rare though rusty relic of olden time, provokingly exhibit the same kind of article from a modern jeweller's in 'Change Alley, and answer with insulting truth,

"if neither rare

Nor ancient, 't will be so, preserved with care."

Doubtless, the true antiquary had rather bruise his shin against a fallen capital than encounter the stubborn coolness of such philosophy. At the same time, it is far preferable to the unmeaning devotion of many a Rusty-head, who may be imposed upon by the mere appearance of antiquity, but is never charmed by the actual presence of beauty; or who had rather possess the little-toe of the real Apollo, than the most perfect cast from the entire figure. To him, elegance of proportion in a structure is no way interesting: he would know its author and date of erection; and if you can find an old coin in its corner-stone, you have, in his estimation, discovered "the very life of the building."

Insensible, however, to the pleasures of poetical or historical association, the visitor will find little to charm "amidst the relics of almighty Rome." The Coliseum and Pantheon may, indeed, astonish him by their vastness, and two or three fragments please him by their palpable beauty; but the major part of the remains will prove little else than an unintelligible mass, shapeless and undefined.

While the eye contemplates the wreck of grandeur, let the imagination effect its restoration. Then shall we look upon the Temple of Peace, *not* as upon three gigantic arches, but as on the most magnificent edifice of Rome, with its bold Corinthian columns and superb soffites. Then shall we behold Nero's Golden Palace rising boldly on the opposite side, exhibiting a sumptuous range of architecture instead of a chaotic quarry of brick. The grass-grown vaultings of the Flavian Amphitheatre will re-assume their marble covering, and ring with the exulting shout of eighty-five thousand spectators; while on the arena below, the expiring gladiator sinks, or the wounded lion roars in the agony of death! Through the Triumphal Arches moves the glittering procession with some laurelled hero elevated on his car in the midst; and in the Forum we behold the robed Senators making their "exits and entrances" under the porticos of the various temples.

The exterior of the Pantheon is seen under every disadvantage. It occupies the lowest end of a dirty market-place, and wears a most melancholy sombre aspect, as though disgusted with its situation and com-

pany, or sad under its conversion to Christianity. The former temple "of all the Gods" now bears the title *S. Maria ad Martyres*.

Give to this celebrated building its original elevation, by clearing away the ground which covers its approach of steps: restore to the tympanum its bronze reliefs; and re-apply the metal of St. Peter's Baldacchino and St. Angelo's guns to its original purpose,—and this majestic portico would then merit all those encomiums which are now rather thoughtlessly bestowed, and certainly with too little reference to the more pure elevation of the Parthenon at Athens. Critics might say less of the portal and more of the interior, which may be justly regarded as the triumph of ancient Roman art. To compete with the Grecians in the composition of a portico was beyond the Italian artist; but when he emulated the expanse of a firmament in the projection of such a vast o'erhanging vault as the dome of the Pantheon, he surpassed the Athenian in daring and science, and made a giant effort in the promotion of the beautiful. This interior has a charm independent of its age and beauty:—it is hallowed in the possession of Raphael's remains.

After seeing the *veritable* Coliseum, Lucangeli's wooden model should be examined. The latter is done to a scale sufficiently large to give a clear illustration of its construction and entire purpose. The ruin, as a ruin, is unrivalled in extent, and so replete with the picturesque in form and the rich in colour, that the painter, no less than the practical builder, regards it as a treasure. It affords the gloomy corridor for *Il Penseroso* and the sunny terrace for Euphrosyne. Pilgrims devoutly kiss the wooden crucifix in the arena; while the botanist may be seen scrambling among the thousand varieties of herbs and plants which thrive in its soily encrustations, and fringe the ragged edges of its walls.

As the finest landscape in modern Rome is the view from the Pincion Hill at sunset, so the most magnificent prospect in the ancient city is the Coliseum by moon-light; nor do I envy the feelings of that man who could contemplate the spectacle without uncommon emotion. It is a sight to be classed with the Alpine Pass, the Apollo, the frescoes of Raphael, and the interior of St. Peter's. Who knows not Byron's allusion to it in *Manfred*? It should make the dullest mind experience "the madness of poetry," though it fail to inspire him.

Among the ruins of the Forum, the fragments of two temples, generally known as dedicated to the Jupiters *Tonans* and *Stator*, afford select examples of the Corinthian; the only order in which we can decidedly learn that the Romans excelled. They have left us no Doric

or Ionic column which may show itself in the presence of the exquisite examples published by Stuart and Rivett; neither can we highly compliment them on their Composite attempts. As a grammar of Roman architecture, the work of Sir William Chambers is unquestionably the best.

Of the Triumphal Arches, that of Titus is the most richly wrought. Constantine's is far superior to Septimius Severus's; but it would be no difficult task for a three years' student to improve any one of them. The Columns of Trajan and Aurelius will yield more benefit to the historian and antiquary than to the architect. The latter will see most to admire in the Column of Trajan. The front wall of the papal Custom-house has been formed by building up the inter-spaces of a Corinthian colonnade, supposed to have formed the flank of a Basilica erected by Antoninus Pius. In addition to the remains already specified, we might mention the Theatre of Marcellus, the peripteral Temple of Vesta overlooking the "angry Tiber," the Ionic cell of Fortuna Virilis, the remains of Octavia's Portico*, the small but gorgeous remnant of a temple to Pallas, three columns of Nerva's Basilica, the roofless Portico of Antoninus and Faustina, the Arch of Janus, the preserved portion of the Dioclesian Baths, the Tombs of Cæcilia Metella and Scipio, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the patchwork Basilica of St. Paul† on the Ostian Way, and the Aqueductual Remains of the Campagna. These are so many, among a vast list of objects, which the visitor will be more particularly interested in beholding.

Thus have I briefly touched upon the remains of that august capital, which, great in itself, was moreover to be regarded as a museum in which the wonders of other states were congregated. Rome, alas! now enjoys but little of the patronage bestowed upon her by the gods and goddesses of old. Apollo, indeed, lulls her into supineness with his lyre, and Venus effeminizes her by soft caresses; but the prowess of Mars and the wisdom of Minerva no longer swell the nerves or inform the brain of a people more changed from their former state than even the city herself.

Still, however, is Rome the nursery where Sculpture and Painting cultivate the seeds of genius in the students of all nations. In Canova's Works we see what the present age *can do*: the vigorous and indefati-

* This choice remain of a stupendous work occupies an unsavoury situation in the Fish Market. From such a forbidding quarter was the lovely Venus de Medici recovered.

† The numerous Corinthian columns supporting the nave of this sumptuous but tasteless pile, were taken from the tomb of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo.

gable Thorwaldsen has ripened into grandeur upon the old soil; and England has there several plants of thriving promise. Etty and Eastlake will acknowledge the healthful influence of the Vatican climate; and we bless both Rome and Raphael when we look upon Hollins's copy of *l'Incendio di Borgo*. The classic Severn's taste and genius have expanded in the vintage grounds of Italy. Nor is it with qualified pleasure that we speak of our sculptors Gibson and Wyatt, and might allude to several other names which will hereafter, no doubt, be "as familiar in men's mouths as household words."

To such young artists as hesitate to reap the advantages of travel, from fear of the attendant cost, the following accurate account of my expenses may prove satisfactory and stimulating.

	£	s.	d.
Expenses from London to Calais by steam, including all charges of portage and meals on board	2	6	6
Supper, bed and breakfast at Calais, and journey by diligence direct to Paris	3	5	10
Ten days at Paris—lodging at the Portugal Hotel, Rue du Mail	4	17	6
Travelling expenses through Lyons (where I slept) to Turin, over Mount Cenis	7	8	6
Turin one night, and travelling to Genoa by <i>eturino</i>	2	0	0
Three nights at Genoa	1	0	0
Travelling by <i>eturino</i> to Florence	2	12	0
Florence.—Two month's residence, including every expense .	11	0	0
Travelling expenses from Florence to Rome, <i>eturino</i> . . .	2	0	0
Rome—Four months. (Lodging nine crowns per month—every additional expense, including a trip to Tivoli) . .	22	0	0
Travelling through Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara to Venice .	4	0	0
Venice—one month	5	0	0
— to England through Vicenza (one night), Verona (one night), Milan (two nights), over the Simplon, Lausanne (one night), Geneva (two nights), Dijon, through Paris, Havre, Southampton	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£	92	10
	4		

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.—The Campagna was gleaming under a burning sun when we emerged from the city boundaries through the Laurentian gate, on our way to the olive shades and cooling streams of Tivoli. Even an Italian remarked that the atmosphere was singularly trans-

lent. On pointing, as I thought, to a *hawk* flying near, my companion replied, "No, Sir; 'tis an *eagle* in the distance."

The lake of Tartarus, whose waters petrify every substance which comes in contact with them, first arrested our attention. A little further on we crossed a rapid stream of water, thick and white as milk, and having an offensive sulphurous smell. The lake whence it flows (though of confined superficies) is of immense depth; and the bituminous exhalations of its waters, incorporated with dust, leaves and rubbish, and cemented by a glutinous soil, have formed a number of small floating islands, and obtained for it the appellation of *Lago dell' Isola Natanti*.

The *Ponte Lucano* and *Tomb of Plautius*, not unfrequently appear on the common blue crockery of England. Their picturesque effect is not a little heightened by the Tiburtine groves and mountains in the back-ground. At a moderate distance from the Plautian Tomb you ascend the approach to *Tivoli*.

The town is in itself abominable; the scenery about it deservedly famed; but we must not judge of the Sabinian Tibur by the present aspect of the modern Tivoli. At the window of the Sibyl inn I was at once introduced to the grand cascade and an American officer. The thundering of the waters arrested our attention at the same moment. "Tis a fine thing," said the captain, "but you should see the Falls of Niagara!" We descended to the terrace at the back of the inn, where there is a general view of the surrounding grandeurs: a second cascade here presents itself, of less body but far greater fall, and, in the opinion of many, of superior beauty. "The first," said the captain, "is more in the style of Niagara."

It is rather the situation and character of the falls than their magnitude which charm the spectator; yet among all that is beautiful, two objects certainly reach the sublime. The one is *Neptune's Grotto*, where, in the darkness of a deep cavern, two falls are seen to meet in furious junction, thence rushing with great impetuosity into a lower basin, where they unite with the second of the leading cascades. Thus in its full "completion," the whole body of water rolls on to the other grand object, viz. the *Grotto of the Syrens*, which we entered with considerable difficulty and some degree of danger. Standing within the mouth of the cavern, we looked with dread upon the rushing waters as they shot by at our feet, and with terrific violence were precipitated into the black gulf or throat of the chasm below. "'Gad!' said the captain, "this is fine, even to those who have seen the Falls of Niagara."

Other cascades of great beauty are formed by a branch of the river carried through the town. These are best viewed from the opposite bank.

The Temple of Vesta is a perfect *gem*,—singular in the dignity of its situation, and unique in its proportions and decorative character. Whether the capitals of its peristyle be Corinthian or Composite is not so certain as the beauty of their aspect and the boldness of their execution. How often have Claude and Wilson gazed upon this pet of Art! How frequently has the former introduced it in his glowing pictures! No wonder. Though it had been measured and delineated a “thousand times,” I could not resist the gratification of doing it myself: so the ladders were brought, and I kissed the ox-cheeks on its frieze for very joy, embraced the necks of its elegant columns, and nearly broke my own in so doing. The leading dimensions, according to my admeasurement, are as follow:—

Inner diameter of circular cell	23' 7"
Thickness of wall thereof	2 3
Distance between wall and columns of peristyle	5 8
between the columns	4 11
Height of pedestal	7 7
of columns	23 8
of entablature	4 4
Lower diameter of column	2 6½

But this celebrated remain, however beautiful in itself, is perhaps, to the general observer, a still more pleasing object when viewed as an adjunct rather than principal, from the bed of the river in the vale below. Indeed, there are several points whence its appearance is so fascinating, that we are inclined to fall out with some painters of note, who, instead of presenting us with a strict semblance of the scene as it stands, have opened themselves to the charge of presumption by “compositions,” in which mere *hints* are adopted where *facts* should have been set down.

Let no visitor leave Tivoli without seeing the Grottos by torch-light, even though much trouble, some expense, wet feet, and rheumatic probabilities be the concomitants of the task. The contrast of glittering foam and jet-black rock is here in full perfection. The captain forgot to speak of Niagara!

Tivoli is a place of treble fascination, being equally distinguished by its artificial beauties, natural grandeur, and poetical associations. Kel-sall alludes to it as the “Roman Richmond,” the “favourite retreat of

the opulent Romans both of ancient and modern times." It is said the Tiburtine Villas exceeded thirty in number. Of these the proudest was perhaps that of Mæcenas, the ruins of which crown an aspiring rock on the southern side of the Anio. It was here Augustus sought the companionship of the patron of arts and letters, who preferred the charms of Tibur to the splendours of Roman pomp, and rejected the proffered offices of state for the converse of Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Varius, and Quintilius. The latter possessed a villa here of some magnitude. Catullus also is said to have been the near neighbour of Horace, the site of whose humble residence is now occupied by a small convent.

The ruins of a villa said to have belonged to Caius Cassius will be regarded with an interest of more than common warmth. Brutus also had a retreat close by:—perhaps you tread the very scene of that conference which led to the fall of Cæsar, the *king!* Augustus, as we learn, passed the closing years of his life in the villa of his deceased friend Mæcenas, and administered justice in the temple of Hercules, the site of which is now occupied by the cathedral church of Tivoli.

We passed the brick cell of an ancient temple, said to have been dedicated to the deity of coughs, possibly by some unfortunate sufferer from asthma, anxious to propitiate the malevolent author of his affliction. Passing on, we rambled a while among the formalities of the Villa d'Este, whose lead flats command a vast expanse of campagna, with Rome in the western distance.

A chaos of ruins, extending over a vast space, and in number, variety, and magnitude, seeming rather to speak of a city than a private residence, indicates the imperial magnificence of Adrian. We hear of the villa boundaries having included epitomes of the Athenian Prytaneum, and of the Lyceum of Aristotle, the Academy of Plato, the Poecile of Zeno, &c. &c. The remains of two theatres are among the most distinct objects; but, to the casual observer, the ruins in general bear little indication of their original purpose, although every cell and mass of brick-work has a name in the Guide-book or Cicerone's mouth.

Gratified, in no usual degree, with my Tiburtine excursion, I regained my lodgings in *Número 9, Via Frattina*, and slept to dream of Vestal loveliness and Mæcenas's patronage.

* * * * *

And now, my labour's concluded—No, not so; I have yet to obtain my passport.

And a troublesome job it has been. From the Police to the British Consul (five pauls to pay); thence back again to the Police (three pauls to pay); now to the Austrian Ambassador—Call again. Hang them!



All this is bad enough at every time, and under any circumstances; but O! how doubly annoying when rough galling pavements, tight boots and a rainy day contribute their miseries!

And now, my labours concluded indeed—I turn my steps northward.

“What!” exclaimed my friend, “without going to Naples?”

‘Twas just as I expected.

“The most extraordinary place in the world!” added my friend.

Just so. The thing we have omitted, is sure to be, of all others, the one most worthy of attention.

I know it will be in vain to reason with my reader. The only way is to assure him of my fixed determination to visit Italy again—if he require it. Under the hope that he may do so, I reserve Naples as a further inducement, and will take Gibraltar, Malta and Sicily in my way.

“But it was ridiculous, being so near to Naples, that you did not go.”

“Pray, my good sir, have you ever seen the Highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Cumberland, or the mountains of Wales, or the rivers of Devon?”

“I can do that, with ease, *any* time.”

“And for that reason you’ll never do it at all.”

Now to do a thing merely for the sake of being singular, is to write oneself down *an ass*; and to do a thing merely for the purpose of *not* being singular, is foolish enough: nor can we readily decide whether the *obstinacy* in the one case, or the *servility* in the other, be the viler feeling. We are equally slaves, whether governed by our own caprice or the world’s fashion.

The love of singularity rarely actuates an amiable mind—still more rarely, perhaps, a weak one. The man of substantial sense follows the bent of his curiosity, without being hindered or induced by “the flux of company.” It is but a poor insipid spirit which professes itself the votary of fashion alone: yet such a spirit is often found in a man who is too idle to form an opinion, and too ignorant to maintain one. He wanders along with the rest of the world; looks at what it commands; thinks as it thinks, or affects to do so; acquires, by habit, the quackery of art; and on his return home perplexes his untravelled friends with the empty technicalities of connoisseurship.

“Everybody goes to see Naples.”—Yes: and nobody goes to Kam-schatka. Yet if reindeer and red snow were more fashionable than burning mountains and macaroni, the slave would dare the rigours of a northern expedition rather than “be out of fashion.” “But I must be going,” as people say after a morning chat.

Adieu to my favourite haunts in the corridors of the Coliseum! and
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for ever adieu to its neighbouring brothers in antiquity! I have walked among these venerable piles, young and healthy as the yearly flowers which bud amid the vegetable incrustations of their walls; and the visitants of future ages, when I and my descendants are long forgotten, shall still look upon their mouldering majesty, and lament their "*rapid advance to decay!*"

MISERIES OF A PATRON.

Of all the miseries under the sun which poor mortal man is heir to, Heaven preserve or rather release me from those of a patron! One of our poets, who, by the bye, was also a pretender to Painting, asserted as a piece of undoubted philosophy,—that man "never is, but always to be, blest." However this may suit the imagination of a poet or a painter, I for my part have found, that man never is, but always to be, discontented. We have heard a ludicrous catalogue of the miseries of a portrait-painter; but he has forgotten every iota of those which he no doubt, like all the rest of his race, has inflicted on his patron. I am one of those lucky mortals who have had the good fortune to have had a father before me,—a piece of luck not so common as might be generally supposed. An easy competency, as it is called, and habits, natural or instilled, of seeking enjoyment in works of nature or art, has prevented me from falling into the stream of some of the pleasures of life, while a delicate state of health and other circumstances have deterred me from others. If, therefore, my lot had been cast without the pale of those possessing the advantage above referred to,—the bread-and-butter moiety of mankind,—I might perhaps have aspired to the dignity of being a light to the nations in one capacity or the other, of Poetry or Art, or have been doomed to "*copy fools' heads for filthy lucre.*" As it is, I am but one destined to have my ugliness and vanity recorded by every one professing the art of taking striking likenesses, and who are desirous of making a stalking-horse of some one possessing sufficient notoriety, either from character or appearance, to give to their productions the eclat and effect of an advertisement. Scarcely a year passes, accordingly, but I am to be found stuck up somewhere about the walls of Somerset-House; and if I really had any vanity to be mortified, the task might be easily effected by placing me on one of the seats near it, so as to compel me to hear all the criticisms passed on

the performances. "Look, mamma! do let us look at No. 433: who can that strange looking body be?" "Strange!" says a more amiable-minded sister; "no stranger, I am sure, than half the other portraits in the room." "O, yes it is," says the other; "but who is it? Oh! only 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' Gentleman, indeed! no gentleman I am sure; he looks as if he had never been in such good company before." "Perhaps not," says the other, "except in the streets." And so they go on, criticizing the portraits of The Gentlemen, smiling so sweetly and unperturbedly on the disappointment of the fair Misses, who look for a Lord in every portrait, or at least for a Hero of a novel, and cannot imagine anything so wrong and unsentimental as a portrait without a name.

In an evil hour was I tempted to turn a purchaser of pictures and pretender to taste. Every one of my acquaintance who had a picture to sell, or a friend who was an artist to serve, immediately on perceiving my weakness, poured upon me such compliments, and afforded me such introductions, and such powers of serving the arts and proving my taste, as were quite irresistible. Commissions I gave accordingly without end; and had the pleasure of seeing my name two or three times every year in the Book of Sales of the British Gallery, for pictures I had previously ordered, or was then induced to purchase, although my scanty chambers in the Albany were already so filled, that a visitor could scarcely set his foot into them without knocking down some of the treasures of art.—I mention these circumstances merely to prove how well qualified I am to descant on the miseries of a patron, and show that artists are not the only persons who are entitled to grumble. To be sure, it is not safe to play with edge tools; and it is as little prudent to place yourself in situations where it is ten to one but you will have to repent it, and where it would require all the practised cunning of an attorney to extricate yourself with credit. When a rich man can twaddle comfortably through the eye of a needle, he may perhaps do some other things as easy to be accomplished: for instance, to persuade a painter that it is not quite convenient for you at any time to be made a model of, for the exhibition of his talents,—with this difference, that you have to pay for the irksome task as many guineas as the model would receive shillings per hour; Or, that in giving him introductions to your friends, you are not jesuitically giving at the same time some hint which shall prevent those friends from acting up to those recommendations; Or, that his handiworks are not quite the finest ever produced by the wit of man, to neglect purchasing which is a piece of unpardonable ignorance and bad taste; Or, that the rest of his fraternity are not perfect idiots and

sign-painters in comparison ; Or, that there is not a conspiracy against him of all the public press to pass over his productions, and prevent an admiring public from giving full expression to their opinion of his genius ; Or, a viler conspiracy of the "hanging committees" to place his pictures, with evidently malicious intentions, in the very worst situations, where they should not by any possibility be seen ; Or, if placed in good situations, that they are not, with equal malice, placed near some portrait of an officer in a staring uniform, on purpose to destroy the effects of his delicate carnations ; Or, if any picture of his be returned not accepted for the Exhibition, that it was not merely for the purpose of enabling one of the committee to paint a picture on the same subject, which would be sure to be seen the following year with some trifling alterations ; Or, to give from fifty to five hundred guineas for a picture which you are unanimously assured by your friends is not worth five pounds, and which, when you send it to Christie's, just to show them how mistaken they are, you have confirmed by not finding a bidder ; Or, seeing your footboy chalking your floor with certain figures, you fancy he has a talent for art, and accordingly bring him up at a vast expense to be an ornament to the British school, and find him turn out a dunce, who had only been disfiguring your walls because he had nothing else to do ; Or, after labouring might and main for the Arts, to get the character of a picture-dealer by one portion of the world, and a dupe by the other,—in which one class or the other, every artist, whether you have bought his pictures or not, will be sure to place you :—and after an immensity of lost time and labour, find you have been sowing the winds and have to reap a harvest of vexations. In fact, human nature is the same in every situation of life ; and we find those always to complain the most of the ignorance and bad taste of the age and neglect of their talents, who are the least deserving of patronage. Talents alone will not be sufficient, if they are not made manifest ; and if made manifest in Art, they cannot be kept back.

THOUGHTS ON THE CHOICE OF A SUBJECT.

AUTHORS and artists alike are occasionally liable to that most perplexing consideration in the course of their pursuits,—of a fit subject for their labours; especially when the day of exhibition or the day of publication is fast approaching, and not a line prepared ! Sinking under this pre-

dicament, and fearing, under such circumstances, to meet the Editor more even than to meet the public, we will boldly venture at once to grapple with the danger, though at the risk of falling upon both horns of the dilemma, and make the subject of the difficulty—the subject of an article. In so doing, however, taking all the credit our ingenuity deserves, we must observe that the consideration, either for an artist or author, is of no slight importance, and that in it sometimes will be found to lie even half of the battle. Thus do we find so many painters so unequal in their productions, and so many poets (for of course our observations must apply principally to works of imagination) who, after obtaining the unqualified approbation of the public upon one subject, fall as miserably below it in another. Milton in his great poem secured to himself all the immortality this world can ensure ; in his second he met with as decided a failure. And yet his sense of harmony in the composition and powers of imagination were the same for one as for the other : the difference consisted in one being a subject more happily chosen than the other. So of a great writer in the present day :—Mr. Campbell in his first poem touched a string which found a sympathizing chord in every breast : he chose a subject interesting to every one of every age and situation in life ; and we accordingly all are able to perceive and appreciate the fidelity to nature which pervades his poem, at the same time that we acknowledge the beauty of its performance. His other works, however, though characterized by the same fine taste and feeling, are deficient in that great quality of a fit subject to command universal interest ; and they accordingly are comparatively neglected. In fact, it requires a weak mind and vitiated taste to enter with becoming delight into the exaggerations of poetical love-tales ; and we hold, that nothing has a more demoralizing effect on the human heart, than to have its best feelings warped from the certain miseries of life to the consideration of the idealities of fictitious distresses. We may be told that such need not be the case : but we turn to facts, and find in human nature a disposition to whimper over imaginary evils, with a perfect disregard of the most important duties of society ; and we therefore consider him best entitled to the character of a good citizen, who shall most endeavour to inculcate those duties in the manner most likely to be effectual. Nor must we put it out of our consideration, that this policy will in the end be found, like honesty, the simplest and wisest. The world has a sufficient sense of justice to respect the motive and acknowledge the propriety of the recommendation, even if it will not adopt it ; and we shall find that those works only obtain the most lasting hold on the public estimation, which are built on this the most

solid foundation. In Hogarth's pictures, though the ludicrous may be the first catch the eye, it is the moral sentiment which sinks upon the heart; and we place him in the first rank of painters of the British school, merely for that without which he would only have been the first of caricaturists. We have used the term 'British school', and must therefore proceed to the explanation of our meaning. No country has ever been distinguished for excellence in art without some reference being had to a peculiar style and line of subjects; and those painters are therefore most deserving of the first place in the national school, who are most successful in catching and depicting the subjects most congenial to the national character. In Italy, the devotional character of the people gave a taste for the encouragement of high art in historical painting, until something of that character pervaded even those works which did not strictly come within the scope of the subjects which distinguished their school. The composition of Scriptural subjects allowed no room for the addition of any unworthy adjunct of a trifling or every-day nature; and the painters therefore, accustomed to so high a line of study, when they did descend to works of the latter description, came to them with minds of a higher order to raise those subjects to a corresponding dignity. Thus the correspondence of Titian's scriptural to his mythological subjects shows us the school in which he learned to raise the latter even, as it were, above humanity; so that, in spite of all objections, we learn to admire them as of a more than mortal character, and forget every idea of a debasing consideration in his all-pervading spirituality. Again: in Italy, the remembrance of their glorious history was constantly in the minds of the people, the monuments of antiquity were always before their eyes, and the sense of their present inferiority as constantly pressing on their excited feelings. These considerations also combined with their high sense of duty to religion to keep them from inferior subjects, and, as in poetry so also in art, elevated their minds to a proportionate eminence. The boatmen of Venice were the most enthusiastic admirers of Tasso's genius; and Dante and Ariosto alike might be found to have been appreciated by the lower as much as by the higher classes of their countrymen. It was impossible for the humblest of the people to grow up among the wonderful monuments of the former glory of their country, without learning some portion of their history; and this would of itself predispose their minds to nobler subjects. But when their disposition was awakened by viewing the Arts constantly used as a means of exciting their devotional feelings, a character of religious as well as historical interest was attached to them, and the two combined to raise their

school as high as we can imagine it in the power of human genius to attain.

The Spanish nation, though it shared the religious feelings of the Italians, did not share their historical associations ; and though they have therefore succeeded almost to a like degree of excellence in their Scriptural subjects, confined their attention principally to them. But their works assumed also a severer tone ; and when, as in Murillo's ' Beggar Boys,' or the portraits of Velasquez, they deviated from their usual track, they gave Nature with a fidelity and strength which partook of the national characteristic. In England, in Germany, and even in France, no devotional feelings of this kind existed. In the two former countries the prejudices of the people were for the most part opposed to the connection of the Arts with religion : and in France, though the Catholic religion was professed by the people, it was without that degree of fervour which characterized the inhabitants of the South. It is a matter of some difficulty to pronounce on the characteristic of the French school ; but we believe we are doing it the most honour by classing under that head such productions as those of Claude and Poussin,—the effect of which is the elevating of Nature, by adventitious circumstances, to a higher degree than is presented in her actual scenes. In this respect they have been imitated by our Wilson, who, in successfully rivalling their delineations of Nature, has also adopted their example of overstepping Nature by the introduction of mythological subjects. By this means they thought to give their works a Classical character ; but in so doing they lost the due attention to Nature, and also their nationality. Their modern successors deviate from it no less, by selecting subjects which have no immediate relation to the character of the people, except to show their fondness to sacrifice every other consideration to that of producing a melodramatic effect. The studio of the French painter of the modern school, accordingly, is full of what is most distressing in private life, unless a deviation be made to paint Roman consuls and Classical scenes from ancient history, which our earlier years are employed in learning to admire, and our maturer years in learning to sneer at. But the French can have no great national school of Art, because they have not a great national moral character. They have not the essence of poetry or deep feeling in their temperament, and it is as unlikely therefore that they should produce a great painter as a great poet. They have no conception whatever of that depth of thought which pervades the English character, and abounds in our literature ; but, feeling their deficiency, attempt to make up for it by affectation and exaggeration. The Germans share so much of that

strength of feeling conspicuous in the English character, as to make it almost a matter of surprise that they have not distinguished themselves by success in a higher walk of Art than what characterizes their school. Like the English, they have indeed looked to Nature for their scenes; but, unlike us, they have sought her in her least captivating forms. Scenes of low life have evidently been their predominating predilection; and even in those works which did not come within this description of character, there was sure to be found, in the best of their painters, some defacing incident, the insertion of which could not accord with a high degree of refinement. We must indeed except Rubens from these observations; but he can only be considered an exception at best, though we might pronounce him too travelled and learned in his art to have come strictly within the description of the school of his native country.

Of the genuine English school, we may consider Hogarth the first master that should be named; though we do not mean to put him in competition with Reynolds, when he indulged himself in sacrificing some of that time to his art which would have been so much more advantageously employed in portrait-painting. After these came Gainsborough, with his pure love for Nature, and inimitable representation of English cottage scenery; and Morland, who, had he given his talents fair play, would have proved himself entitled to be ranked with the first masters of any age. The subjects chosen by these, whom we may now call our ancient masters, were received with avidity by an admiring public, who appreciated them, and purchased them to the best of their ability, though the highest classes refused their patronage in a like proportion.

The English school of historical painting, however, did not meet with the same warmth of reception. If Reynolds rivalled the masters of Italy, the other professors of Art were comparatively neglected by our fathers as much as they are in our own times. Whether this be the fault of the painters or of the public, it would be difficult to determine. If it be said, "Create a demand, and the effect will be obtained;" it may be answered,—that it is in the power of the painters to create a demand by following the example of Reynolds, and producing works of such high class as to command patronage. It does not follow that because Mr. West, or some others we need not name, please to take their subjects from ancient history, that they should be able to throw into their works the inspirations of genius they do not possess. They may be respectable draughtsmen, or respectable colourists, but there is nothing in the subjects they generally choose to command general interest, or

even in their manner of treating them. To be a popular painter, the artist must study the national taste, and adapt himself to it, rather than think he can direct it by the force of his talents. Such an attempt betokens a degree of presumption which is rarely attendant upon genius. If he chooses to indulge his fancy in the portraying of mystic subjects beyond the power of ordinary mortals to understand, he cannot be surprised to find that the public turn from his works to those they can; and the painter must take the consequence of being the idol of a few instead of the many.

The success of some of the English school whom we have named, with others still living, sufficiently shows the taste of the English public to enable the painter to decide on the path he should go. From this criterion we should say that the English school partakes of the domestic character and feeling of the Dutch and Flemish, with the high sentiment of the Italian schools; we require something more than mere finish and fidelity to nature, though we cannot enter into the high conceptions of the latter. A painter of still life may be found everywhere, as well as a painter of boors at a merry-making; but a man of genius only rises once in an age to give those scenes a different character, by giving them a different sentiment. Whether it be in the manner of a Hogarth or the manner of a Wilkie, it is no matter; they are equally natural, equally national, and different from the delineations of ordinary observers. As such they will be felt and appreciated by the people, who can always judge of what is true to nature, even though it be presented to them through a medium to which they have not been accustomed.

We have mentioned the great masters of the genuine English school of the last generation, whose styles, though essentially different and as essentially original, all bore to each other a certain family resemblance. Of the painters of the present day we need not here speak, as it might lead us into a discussion foreign to our purpose, and may be reserved for a future occasion. It is sufficient that we name Wilkie as the principal, and notice the effect upon our kindly feelings of those domestic scenes which he introduces. If he paints an interior, it is not merely occupied with the lower incidents of life, but with something that appeals to our feelings and affections. If he paints a fair and introduces a drunkard, it is not in the indecent attitudes of a Dutch picture, but as led home by his wife and daughter,—here even giving an allusion to domestic ties and duties. This, then, seems to us the genuine English school, and such to be our genuine national painters. Of historical painters also we have many who would do credit to any school, though

we fear, with the exception of the one whose overpowering genius conquered every subject and department of art, we cannot pretend as yet to rival the masters of the Continent. In one style, however, an offset of the historical school, we may challenge competition,—that of illustrating works of imagination, in which the French we believe first set the example. This has been carried by our Stothards and Westalls to a degree of elegance and effect far exceeding our neighbours; while our Howards and Hiltons have carried it one step further, into the romantic and imaginative. But high art has yet to be encouraged, or, what we hold to be the same thing, it has yet to show itself to command public admiration and patronage.

The late Mr. Northcote, more than any other of our professedly historical painters, appears to us to have had more a feeling for the English taste in the choice of his subjects than any other of our painters, and thus engrafted upon his historical scenes the references to those domestic passions and affections which we can best understand. Religion, it has been already observed, is not necessarily associated in our minds with Art, consequently we look upon subjects chosen from the holy writings with little more regard than upon those from other histories. Nor have we much sympathy with the magnanimous deeds and virtues of Grecian or Roman heroes; perhaps we even look upon them with a certain degree of incredulity and contempt, as the fables which amused our childhood. Nor yet have we much interest for subjects selected from our own history. Those who think, picture to themselves idealities which it is almost impossible for a painter to realize, and they are besides somewhat too familiar to the imagination. If the painter chooses to depict particular scenes, he must be content to be the painter of a party, who will rarely espouse his cause with the vehemence that would be necessary to meet the attacks of their adversaries. The conclusion to which we come at last is,—that an historical painter, to be also a popular painter with us, must consult the English taste by a reference to the subjects chosen by our genuine English artists. They must not content themselves with depicting scenes from classical history, of Roman firmness, or friendship, or generosity, or any other of those high-minded cardinal virtues for which the ancients we were in our boyhood taught to believe were so pre-eminent; nor yet must they wander into the mysticisms of Fuseli, or the marvellous imaginations of Martin, which, though they astonish the eye, do not affect the feelings, and therefore, not being based upon nature, have no lasting hold on our affections. But they must select subjects, which will be more the embodying of passions and feelings which are part and parcel of human

nature—the beautiful proportions of the human frame as affected by situations which we can easily understand—the innocence and happy freedom from care of childhood, or the associations of nature, creating that interest which shall make the painter loved and treasured as a favourite poet, with whose thoughts we sympathize, and whose ideas are our own, only clothed in a poetical guise.

Of course there are many of our painters who by the force of their genius and skill in their art have attained great popularity without attending to these rules: but it does not follow that these rules are not true on this account, any more than that a painter should attain popularity by observing them, who is deficient in all the other requisites of his art. We only contend that such painters are most successful in depicting such scenes. Mr. Northcote spent as much time and thought, no doubt, in painting his 'Lions' as in painting his 'Arthur and Hubert'; but a painter of lions or a painter of mere still life may be found in every age and every provincial town, while to produce a successful historical subject is the surest path to eminence and immortality in art. We offer these suggestions in all humility; but we feel so assured of the soundness of our opinions, that if any body of artists shall be pleased in gratitude to place our portrait in any of their council chambers, we should wish for nothing more as a proof of concentration of wisdom in our composition than to be depicted as meditating on the choice of a subject.

DOGMAS ON ART.—No. VI.**ON THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST.**

In our remarks on "The Genius of an Artist," we made the few observations that occurred to us on the mental training and course of study requisite to form an intellectual painter.—The object of the present paper is to give a general outline of his technical studies, in order to urge the importance of the several parts of professional education, and especially those which are too imperfectly acquired, if not greatly neglected, in the present day.

In treating of Fine Art it may appear at first sight superfluous to insist upon the necessity for an artist to acquire skill in drawing, because no one will for a moment doubt its essentiality: yet, like many other undisputed points, it is neglected, in observance, for the very principle by which it should be practically maintained. Were it not so

obvious, it would be more insisted on by preceptors, and perhaps more duly practised by students; it is too often taken for granted that the young artist is proficient in this first and chief element of his art, and his knowledge of this rudiment is even assumed by his negligence in its practice. To learn, would be to give ground for doubt; to forget, implies that the aspirant for fame has soared so high above the level of his studies, that his fancy, dazzled by the brilliancy of colour, is blind to the mechanic process of outline.

The importance of good drawing is not so generally acknowledged as its necessity; nor is it to be wondered at, that in a school of colour it should be deemed an inferior part of the art, since it is so susceptible of modification by the power of light and shade, and may be so cleverly concealed by the charm of effect. Then to the uninstructed eye good drawing stands no chance beside brilliant colour and dazzling effect; and even the initiated may be in doubt. In short, drawing is considered in the English school in the light of "a ladder to learning" of painting, which is presently put away as a useless machine when the object is attained. But drawing is not merely the scaffolding of art, but the timbers of the structure, the beams and rafters, the pillars that support it. It were as absurd for a builder to erect a house of bricks and mortar without frame-work, as for an artist to paint a picture without drawing. In France they build too exclusively of wood; their pictures are all drawing, and little worth else; as in England we build up brick and mortar edifices in a day, that a foot would push down. What a man would be who attempted to make a model of a machine without a knowledge of its construction, is the artist who attempts to draw a figure without knowing its anatomical structure; the only difference is, that the blunders of the mechanic would be obvious, while those of the artist may be ingeniously hidden, or rendered less glaring. The mistake of the mechanic would be rendered evident to all by the impracticability of his contrivance,—that of the artist would appear only to the instructed eye. The principle in both cases is the same. But in these matters the question asked by the artist is, not "Is it correct?" but "Will it pass?" He looks upon the critic who should find fault as upon a surgeon, who ought to be able to set the broken bone; forgetting that every intelligent person may detect a fracture or dislocation, though they may not possess the skill to reduce it. But it is a poor shift to find an excuse for defects in the imperfect vision of the observer: the attempt shows a consciousness of imperfection, and of the necessity of improvement.

The principal deficiencies of the English school of painting arise from

a want of skill in drawing, and of a due knowledge of the anatomy of the human figure. A painter of animals before he can hope to attain any degree of eminence sufficient to paint a Prize Ox, or my Lord's Mare, or my Lady's Lap-dog, finds it necessary to study the anatomy of the animal, his natural history, his habits, as well as his external appearance ; for he feels that he is painting to a group of cognoscenti, in the graziers, sportsmen, and dog-fanciers, whom he expects to set a due value on his picture. But a presumptuous youth shall sit you down to portray "the human face divine," or delineate the god-like form of man, without knowing more about its structure than its external form will show him, and perhaps not so much.

Let us compare the practice of study in the French and English schools, by way of accounting for the painful difference between the drawing of Parisian and English artists.

In France, a youth destined for the profession of an artist is sent to the *atelier* of a professor, under whom he is kept to drawing the figure from the antique and anatomical casts, until he is not only able to draw it correctly, but also understands the human form in its aggregate and in all its details, until he is able to delineate every external muscle in its proper place on a blank outline figure. He acquires a knowledge of the size and the form, the origin and the insertion, the action and the use, as well as the name of every one of the external muscles, by drawing them,—the only true mode of fixing them on his memory. Having acquired a correct eye, an obedient, ready, and practised hand, a complete mastery of his crayon and a perfect knowledge of the figure, he is then permitted to draw from the life. To this part of his study he usually devotes several hours a day, being at the *atelier* from 7 till 12 every morning, and this for two or three years, until he is thoroughly master of the appearance of the naked figure, its varieties of form, its attitudes, its beauties and its defects, and the effect of the action of the muscles. He learns how to distinguish and indicate the difference between the form of a muscle and a bone ; and, in short, becomes perfectly familiar with that most difficult part of the study of an artist—the knowledge of the human figure.

It should be observed in extenuation of the imperfect proficiency of the English student in this branch of his art, that the supply of living models is not only not equal to that in the French *ateliers*, but that it is quite inadequate to the purposes of study ; and that the time allowed at the Royal Academy, and employed at other academies where artists draw from the life, is nothing like sufficient to enable the student to study the figure properly and draw it correctly. If it is difficult (and

that it is so, all who have studied well know) to draw from a plaster cast, how much more to draw from the living form, which, of course, even in the case of the most practised models, is continually in a state of movement, however slight; so that in proportion to his nicety of eye and accuracy of hand, is the student's difficulty of satisfying himself with the correctness of his drawing. This is particularly the case in the article of drawing, where colour cannot hide the imperfections of form. And this leads us to the next step,—that of painting from the life. At this point of his progress the Parisian student is allowed to commence painting his studies:—and here we must take leave of our argument in favour of the superiority of the French school of instruction.

It is urged by some, that their deficiency in colour is the very consequence of the perfect proficiency shown by the Parisian students in the art of drawing and the knowledge of the figure. That the French school is lamentably false in respect of colouring we allow; but we cannot allow that this deficiency is caused by their skill in drawing, nor by the exclusive attention paid to the study of form and the use of the crayon. It is occasioned in the same way as the deficiency of skill in drawing of the English artist, by want of sufficient study and practice. "Form and drawing" is the motto of the French, as "Colour and effect" is of the English school. And seeing to what proficiency each attains in its respective pursuit,—why, we ask, may they not repair their respective deficiencies by pursuing the same course of diligent study in that branch of art in which they are wanting, as they have in that in which they excel? To this it is answered, that the possession of pre-eminent skill in both of these two branches of art is not to be expected or acquired, any more than you can expect an artist to paint landscape and history, portraits of men and horses, equally well. This objection we hold to be a fallacy; else how does it happen that the Parisian students monopolize the power of drawing, and the English of colouring? It is not in these, the mechanical and rudimental branches of the art, as in the higher and intellectual, where it depends on the individual talent or genius to propel the mind into some particular course of study, or where the originality of style and power of art is in proportion to the quality of the genius. Any boy of ordinary talent for art (and we only suppose the case of possession of talent) may be taught to draw or to colour, to study form or effect, with equal success, as far as regards knowledge and mechanical skill: of course it will depend on his talent and genius, as well as upon other qualities, what use he makes of his knowledge; but as far as regards the school, the students ought to be

instructed in the whole grammar of their art, and not be suffered to perpetrate blundering themes, where, on the one hand, the language is not correct, or on the other the reasoning is imperfect. Unless the student on his leaving the academy is thoroughly master of the technicalities of his art, he cannot give due effect to his talents, nor embody his perceptions satisfactorily. His attention, instead of being wholly directed to the subject he is painting, in the confidence of his command over his means and materials, will be continually checked and recalled to repair the errors of wrong notions, or to gloss over and conceal the defects of his imperfect education: consequently he will be so occupied with providing subterfuges for his incapacity, that the spirit, sentiment, and meaning of his design will become secondary to the means by which it is to be developed. It is the same in all cases. Because there are many great geniuses and men of transcendent talent who have to contend against and struggle with the disadvantages of an imperfect education, and who produce grand works in spite of these drawbacks, they are not the less sensible of the inconvenience, though the spectator loses sight of the faults in the brilliancy of the beauties. Rules and mechanical acquirements are not fetters of genius in art; they are only deemed so by the idle and effeminate. The truly great and powerful mind acquires the knowledge of their use as matter of course and necessity, and the man of sense regards them as becoming more important when neglected than when they have been mastered.

To the student who, impatient of what he deems the drudgery of art, spurns the means of attaining its practice, we need only point to the works of the great masters. Let him look at the giant Michael Angelo—the painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet. Was he no proficient in drawing who designed the 'Last Judgment'? Was he unacquainted with perspective who stretched out the lofty aisles of St. Peter's? Was he ignorant of form, whether of figures or draperies, who drew those sublime personations of Sibyls and Prophets, and who sculptured that simple and grand statue of 'Lorenzo de Medici'? Let him look at the works of Masaccio and Ghirlandaio, and the earliest painters;—were these ignorant of their art? or were they not great by virtue of the technic skill with which they represented objects? The soul of their works consists in the spirit of truth, nature, and beauty, with which they are instinct, and which renders the quaint and angular forms and crudities of their art less visible: but it is remarkable how much knowledge and patient industry is observable in these works of the early second dawn of art. Let them look higher, and contemplate the immortal sculptures of the Parthenon. Is there any want of mas-

terry there? Do not these mutilated and defaced fragments appear as though life breathed in their marble forms? We pass by the art as we look upon them—so perfect is it, that it does not interfere with nature, the truth of which is their principle of beauty. There is no face to convey the expression and meaning of the figure; but how informed with beauty, grace, and power—how instinct with life and bodily reality are those glorious works! Were they the production of a bungler in art—of a puny intellect which could not raise its aspirations above the handicraft, or of an idle or effeminate hand that sickened at the labour of study? Assuredly not. The man who is daunted by difficulties, or wearied out in learning an art, need not hesitate to throw it up at once: in all probability if he were able to master it, his feebleness would be as apparent then as at an earlier period. Let the idle and thoughtless student, who thinks it only necessary to wish to be an artist in order to paint, look at the precision and exactitude, the skill and knowledge displayed by all the great masters from Raphael to Gerard Douw; to their numerous finished works, the product of years of pleasurable labour, of devoted study, sustained by a sense of the dignity and power of their art, and the all-sufficient beauties of nature, her boundless store, her inexhaustible variety, and her everlasting freshness. Nothing to them was greater than their art but Nature—nothing was between them and her. They did not stand in their own light, nor allow their pleasures or their caprices to interfere between truth and their canvass. They were very many of them deficient in imagination and barren of invention; but their realities had in them the force of identity, the charm of truth. If they were literal, they were accurate and complete. If they were workmen, their works are immortal. If they were some of them imitators only,—what objects they imitated, and how transcendently they represented them! They studied with the devotion of monks, and laboured with the integrity of purpose of patriots. Their works were nothing, but as reflections of Nature: that and their art were their sole thought, study, and occupation. As the savage acquires skill in the use of his arms, whether for war or the chase,—so they of the materials of their art. Who are they that despise proficiency in an art, but those who cannot attain it? To despise and neglect a thing is not to be above it, but to be beneath it. To set store by the knowledge of an art and the possession of skill therein without reference to what is its end, is however an error which narrow minds and understandings and weak intellects may, and do fall into;—and it is this which constitutes the difference between the artisan and the artist. In the present day, however, extraordinary skill in the technical parts of the art is not

so prevalent as to render this an evil of great magnitude ; and where it exists, it will be often found that the party who rests so self-satisfied with his skill, that he feels it needless to give proofs of it, has but a small modicum indeed not only of capacity, but of proficiency. They are mostly pretenders who live upon this sort of "bubble reputation." We are not now discussing the question of genius and the higher powers of mind, but the technical education of an artist, and therefore we will not here draw the distinction between a mechanical artist and an artist of genius.

It is the object of this paper to urge the necessity and importance of mastery of skill in art. We do not wish to aggrandize unduly the value of these needful qualifications, or to set them up on an elevation at the expense of the finer and unacquirable qualities of mind. Without the soul of genius and the life of talent, art is a dead letter, and skill mere operative ingenuity ; but as without the skeleton the heart would not beat, nor the brain work, so without the practical acquirements of art its immortal works cannot be created.

We have endeavoured to show that all that is excellent in art, as far as regards its practical part, is the result of study and knowledge, and we have inculcated the necessity of drawing, as the first step to all the rest. The following quotation will be the best enforcement of these feeble arguments, and it does not require a great name to give weight to its excellent advice.

"O ! you young artists to whom Nature has assigned what you call talent ; and you still more fortunate whom her beneficence has endowed with a poetic imagination and a feeling heart, allow me to repeat this advice—Study daily, study incessantly that fundamental part of your labours, *drawing* ; give yourselves up to this study even to the end of your days. I find at Rome a hundred proofs in tradition and in examples that attest that my immortal countryman Nicolas Poussin made drawings, both after Nature and the Antique, to his very last moments —a painful labour, which is rarely that of a head radiant with glory and crowned with hoary locks."

No one will suppose but that the term "drawing" as it has been employed in these remarks, includes the development of form, whether by colour or light and shade, and not the mere outline, or only the art of handling the crayon. Manual dexterity and expertness may be acquired by practice, and yet the possessor of that skill may be incompetent to draw correctly any object that he sees. This delusion of learning to draw fine lines and make even tints, while the knowledge of forms and the ability to delineate them correctly is neglected, or not

within the talent of the learner to acquire, is practised to a very great extent. This is the lowest and most petty exercise, or rather abuse, of labour and ingenuity. But it has the effect of perpetuating the error, in consequence of the false perfection, which is easily attained, by drudging and ignorant industry imposing upon friends and relatives and all who are not conversant with what is required of art, and what is wanting in the drawing on Bristol board prettily softened off with the stump, carefully stippled up or elaborately worked in line with the point. Such neatness and proficiency may tend to make an engraver or copyist; though even in these subordinate branches of art knowledge and understanding reward the possessor, and place his works far above the mere mechanic. Sir Thomas Lawrence by continued practice in crayon-drawing when a boy, acquired that delicacy and beauty of line which was so admirable, and which had many defects in his drawing: it was fine, but not always good drawing; and the difference is just the same as between real finish and smoothness of surface in painting. It is surprising how finely a boy, early and well taught, will draw; who when he comes to design, may make nothing but forms, like carcasses of houses—"figures to let."

Without knowledge of art and understanding of the object, the most faithful copyist will produce a dissimilar likeness. It is this deficiency which renders many engravings worthless deceptions. Of what value is a highly wrought piece of line-work or stippling, how finely soever the lines are cut, with what boldness and subtilty they flow and play one into another, with what evenness and delicacy the dots are placed, how spirited and free the etching, how exquisite the gradations of tint,—if the expression and character of the original be wanting! Essential as is the necessity for skill, mastery of mind must be added to mastery of hand, or it is a waste of labour and a cheat of the senses. The Chinese will copy anything and everything that is merely physical; in form and colour all is correct in an ornamental pattern or a manufactured article. They carve cyphers on ivory fans and boxes as though they had been apprenticed to an English engraver; but give them a head to carve, or a picture to copy, and see what they make of it. If it were not so, the arts of painting and sculpture would be mere mechanical ones. That they are regarded in that light by many who pursue and profess to study them, and who differ from the mechanic only in the assumption of the title and airs of "gentlemen," is the cause of the quantity of rubbish which is manufactured with the aid of paper or canvass, and paint and pencils. Nay, a mechanic must possess skill in his handicraft, or he is forced by starvation to seek other means of

support ; but too many of our *soi-disant* artists are supported in their profitless employment by the ignorance of their sitters, or the provision of prosperous parents.

The profession of artist, like that of poet, is too often resorted to as an excuse for idleness ; and the unsuccessful of both sorts "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that their superior genius places them above the ignoble fag and drudgery of learning ; or that the want of discernment in the public, or the jealousy of more popular artists, keeps down their talent. It is true that there are many difficulties and discouragements to real talent ; but where will and ability are combined, it has always made its way. Idleness and caprice are too often the real hindrances.

But let us look at the course pursued in this country where a youth is destined for an artist, and the rule of custom "in such cases made and provided." A lad shows a talent for drawing ; he takes lessons of a drawing-master at school or at home twice or thrice a-week, and after a few years he has produced a goodly number of copies from drawing-books in pencil, crayons, and colours ; heads, landscapes, flowers, &c. He is then sent to a drawing academy to learn to draw from the round ; here he begins to get to work, and he makes some progress ; he is drilled into the approved method of handling the crayon and working tints, and gets by heart the proportions of the figure and the names of some of the bones and muscles ; he draws for three or four hours every day perhaps, and what he does makes a good show. When he can manage pretty fairly, he makes a drawing to be sent in to the Royal Academy, as a specimen of his proficiency, in order to being admitted a probationer ;—he is accepted, makes his probation, and is admitted a student. This is the first grand point gained : he has now to set to work to get as many medals as he can, and all this while he gets on somehow or other ; his fingers are exercised ; he hears much talk about Art and Michael Angelo, acquires confidence with command of hand ; finds it very easy jog-trot work, if there were not a little too much of it. Goes to the British Museum to draw from the antique ; hears vulgar people wonder "how he can do it," wonders himself, too ; thinks he's "devilish clever ;" gets tired of the fag ; sketches elderly ladies from the country that come in to stare at the Elgin marbles ; smiles pityingly at their ignorance of their beauties, of which he has heard and knows so much himself, that it has never occurred to him to inquire or ascertain wherein they consist ; wants to paint ; must try for admittance into the Painting school ;—succeeds ; is getting on, and the visiting R. A. is kind to, and encourages him ; gets into the Life academy ; is allowed to paint his studies ; shows them to his friends, who wonderingly ad-

mire and praise ;—disparages them as “ mere studies made in a short time,” but secretly holds his friends’ opinions in contempt, because they don’t see the peculiar merit, and can’t do anything like them themselves ; swallows the praise with a lump of self-satisfaction to keep it down ; sets up historical painter and designer for the Annuals, but descends to paint portraits ;—gets a good word from an R. A. ; has a public character to sit to him ; is introduced to the family of his patron ; makes some sketches for albums ;—paints more portraits ; exhibits a picture ; gets larded in the newspapers ; buys lots of prints, &c. from the old masters, very handy to refer to ; buys a lay-figure and draperies, &c. ; copies at the British Institution ; goes to Italy and copies there ; comes back a travelled man and an accomplished artist ; finds portraits pretty easy and very profitable ; flatters his sitters, and gets on swimmingly ; historical pictures gone by—no taste for them—troublesome things, and very expensive to “ get up ;” designs for Annuals cost enough both ways ; public bad judges ; odd people like old masters—all cabbala ; paints and receives sitters and visitors in the forenoon, dines in the afternoon, goes out to parties and the theatre in the evening ; gets as much money as he can with convenience, and becomes an “ eminent painter ;” raises his prices, becomes A. R. A. ; another rise in price, becomes R. A. Sitters increase with his prices ; has two or three pupils, and as much as he can do from ten till five every day ; finds it pleasant work, calls it hard, and likes to be pitied ; talks of fame, and thinks it a pity that Titian’s faces were so leathery, and that he did not draw better ; thinks Rembrandt a vulgar painter though a wonderful genius ; likes to hear his own portraits compared to those of Vandyke ; wonders who will write his Life ; begins to think of being P. R. A. before he dies ; gets fat, and goes into the country ; finds painting tiresome work ; is neglected, and goes out of fashion ; gets chagrined, and dies. “ Thus ends this strange eventful history,” and thus pass the lives of too many of our modern painters. Their profession is a business ; and the reason why it becomes so, is often that they want that thorough knowledge and mastery which it requires to be exercised spiritually and intellectually ; and if the understanding is beset by the stumbling-blocks of incapability, and the fancy limited by insufficiency of skill, the artist is confined to one narrow track, in following which, use and knack assist him, and supply the deficiencies of education by enabling him to hide them. If a painter had the imagination of a Shakspeare or a Spenser, how could it avail him if he had not the skill to embody his ideas ?

(To be continued.)

PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

HAVING said something individually of almost all the leading professors of painting in water-colours, and much collectively of the merits of the British school of painting in that department, we beg to offer a few general remarks upon connoisseurship touching the subject, and the general state of encouragement as it affects the taste of what are denominated amateurs.

It may not be irrelevant to the subject,—however desultory may appear to be the character of our remarks, for we pen them without previous order or arrangement, simply as they occur,—to commence with the practice of teaching drawing ;—we say practice, for the term system we cannot use, as it is no libel upon the professors or teachers of the art, to assert that there is with them no system in the case. That there is system in the art, as well as in all other arts, no one will dispute ; but that it is an art degraded by the professors thereof, in their capacity as teachers, is equally indisputable ; for they undertake to teach it as though it had no foundation in science, and proceed with their disciples without the example of rules.

In every other art the disciple is taught to commence at the beginning. In drawing, it is common to begin at that point where even the learned professor is wont to end ; namely, by rendering his thoughts with the magic of a sketch. Such a mode of beginning can excite no wonder in effecting such an end, as almost endless failures evince ; for amongst the thousands who take lessons in drawing, scarcely one in five hundred learns to draw ; hence there are more superficial amateur artists in an hundred-fold ratio, than amateur performers of other arts, even taking into the account all the arts that are taught.

In music, both vocal and instrumental, the pupil begins, as in rhetoric, by learning the gamut, *a, b, c*. In dancing, first to point the toe ; and in riding, to gather up the bridle ere the foot is put into the stirrup ;—so with all arts and sciences which are necessarily taught to form the mind, or to accomplish the person, the pupil begins at the beginning. It is in drawing alone that no preparatory step is urged as necessary ; the tyro enters the course, mounts at once, and sets off full speed, in a race not only against time, but against the preceptor ; and onward they fly, with their backs to the road of Fame, and their faces to the Temple of Folly.

One of the very valuable and most enviable purposes to which the elegant accomplishment of drawing is applied, is that of contributing a

graphic offering to the shrine of friendship in an Album. This is a fashionable folly; and if evidence were wanting to prove the egregious absurdity of attempting to make a picture without having learned to draw, we need only look at an Amateur Album;—it matters not whether the property of the Lady of My Lord in Grosvenor Square, or that of my Lady Mayoress in Crutched Friars,—the same graphic scribbling and incomprehensible scrawling pervades each leaf, until good taste is almost choked in its polite attempt to compliment either the possessor of, or the contributor to, such a collection of wilful conceit and senseless insanity. Hundreds of volumes of this species of *original* trash, superbly bound, gilt, and lettered, are annually brought forth, the fond progeny of amateur art.

Now what renders this extremely foolish waste of paper, colours, and what might reasonably be presumed still more valuable commodity—*Time*, the more admirable, is, that the great-great majority of these Album-makers are the most fastidious critics of the works of artists. Submit to these paper-and-paint spoilers a drawing by Barrett or Colman, Dewint or Cox, or any other master, and the chances will be ten to one in support of our assertion,—that it is pronounced at a glance either deficient in composition, in colour, or effect; and it passes from one to another of a surrounding group of amateurs, an ordeal of criticism with each, until collectively every attribute which should constitute a work of art is found wanting, even, be it observed, though an equal number of artists of reputation should stand by, and honestly pronounce the work to be of such merit that each would proudly own himself its author.

We are not to be told that it is not necessary to be a professor of any particular art to become a judge of that art; for persons of good perceptions who delight in music, and are “gifted with an ear,” by frequent attendance at first-rate concerts, will acquire that cultivated taste for judging which even musicians may admire and approve. So one gifted with an eye with equal perceptions, by frequenting the finest collections of pictures may become a tasteful connoisseur; but such will not at a glance dogmatically assert, and then pertinaciously maintain their opinions, in defiance of professional judgment, as do these alluded to, because they themselves happen to be dabblers in art. Verily, as the poet saith, “a little learning is a dangerous thing.”

The prevalence amongst certain self-adulating amateur artists of thus cutting up the works of professional artists of reputation, is, to say the least of it, a rather ungracious return for the indulgence with which the professor almost invariably views the attempts of the amateur. Instead

of looking for faults and deficiencies, he, on the contrary, kindly expatiates on such parts of the work as are entitled to praise, and encourages the tyro to proceed, liberally offering his advice as to the best means of surmounting those difficulties which inexperience unaided cannot be supposed to overcome.

In reviewing this state of the case then, between the professor and amateur, it is enough to excite the risibility of the true connoisseur, to hear what is currently echoed in a certain coterie, what a very self-sufficient amateur is reported to have said of himself,—that Turner and Prout are jealous of him!—Look to it, ye little stars—hide your diminished heads.

Now, to use the manly phrase of the ring, “fair play is a jewel;” and it were but honest of these self-sufficient gentry to return that which would cost them nothing but a little candour,—namely, a portion, at least, of honest praise, in acknowledgment for the large draughts which they have made, and still are making, upon the joint-stock talent of all the clever professors whom they meet, to add to their own very small original fund, which fund, thus gratuitously increased, they proudly boast and brag as their own, with an insolence of presumption that threatens rivalry to those who set them up. Yes, painters, beware, or perchance you may have to go to school again!

Nothing assuredly can be more annoying, than what is daily and hourly experienced by the artists, touching the vanity of some of these amateur performers with the pencil and paint. Poets, to be sure,—and we sympathize with them,—are subject to a like calamity; for as the time and patience of a Croly or a Campbell, a Coleridge or a Scott, are eternally taxed by vain amateur scribblers of rhyme, who only beg the simple favour of a perusal and correction of an epic poem of ten thousand lines; so are the artists pestered with the portfolios and sketch-books of amateur artists, with the modest request to wade through and comment upon reams of paper, cut into quarters and eighths, so diligently bedevilled with smearings of temples, rocks, trees, mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, as would suffice to be-picture inside and out the walls that surround a royal park.

Nothing in the shape of fashionable folly can outrage this. We hear in every coterie some wiseacre apostrophizing the present as the epoch of Taste. Where should that high mental quality be found, if not in the higher circle of society? and how is it to be discovered there, but by what it patronizes and what it effects?

Taste, to be sure, has been too long sufficiently outraged by the many abuses that have grown up, and been fostered under the sanction

of its name. We have a Committee of Taste, but Fine Art owes small thanks even to that illustrious confraternity. The mischief does not end there, however; for of late a thousand committees of taste have sprung up, under whose auspices a prolific crop of the fungi of art is annually reaped, and housed for the winter amusement of Folly and Conceit; and the congregate of these graphic monstrosities, under the shape of novelties, elbow genuine art out of the market.

He would not be accounted liberal or wise, who should take upon himself the assumption of contemning all amateur art. Every artist of talent, and every enlightened connoisseur is an admirer of the productions of an amateur painter, where the performer proves that he has a genuine feeling for art. Many could be named who do not make pictures or drawings professionally, whose works delight the most fastidious critics; for even though such productions are not executed with that care and study which are necessary to constitute a finished picture, yet they commonly abound with traits of nature, being the work of original feeling, aptitude for general imitation, perception, and good taste. Such works must charm the eye of judgment, be they the productions of whom they may.

We cannot, however, conscientiously dismiss this subject, even for the present, without observing, that much of the fashionable folly of which we have here complained, has originated with the artists themselves, through the loose and unbecoming method with which they consent to teach drawing. How can it be expected that connoisseurship can result from the practice of teaching youth from examples such as those which are usually placed before them for imitation? The whole practice wants reformation; for as long as the abuse is continued,—that of allowing the pupil to indulge in that showy, meretricious mannerism—that idle dexterity and unmeaning handicraft, which demands no exertion of the thinking faculties to imitate,—is it to be expected that sufficient feeling can be thereby conveyed to enable the disciple to comprehend what is admirable in art, or in what consists that judgment which alone can supply the perceptions necessary to constitute good taste?

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Two of the most conspicuous pictures in the middle room are a full-length portrait of 'Mrs. Lloyd,' and another of 'Sir William Hamilton,'

both by Sir Joshua. The former of these (No. 80.) is so much faded as to exhibit only the remains of beauty, or rather, with regard to colouring, little beauty at all in its present state; neither has it, in our eyes, any extraordinary degree of merit as a composition to atone for the absence of the charm of colouring. Notwithstanding that the artist has endeavoured to make a compromise between the outrageous fashions of his day, and an ideal costume of his own, this semi-poetical attire still retains enough of reality to carry along with it its own date: so that without possessing equal historical correctness, it is equally old-fashioned as if he had painted the lady in a more truth-telling guise. Had the colours stood better, the subject would no doubt have produced a more favourable impression.

The other portrait (No. 114.), which has been lent by the Trustees of the British Museum, is a finer specimen of Sir Joshua's powers; and seems to convey a faithful representation of the tasteful antiquarian and connoisseur. Here the outward corresponds with the inward man: there is an air of vivacity and intelligence in this figure, of the well-bred gentleman and the scholar, that gives assurance of the fidelity of the likeness; nor is this piece less masterly, considered merely as a picture than as a portrait.

Beneath this hangs a large oblong picture by Teniers (No. 113.), representing figures shooting arrows at a target. Formal as the composition is, which, besides, consists of little more than the objects in the foreground, this piece is remarkable for its clear daylight effect, and for a certain breadth of manner and firmness without stiffness of penciling. Altogether it is a very peculiar, but a very fine specimen of this master.

The only subject we meet with here from the pencil of Gerard Douw is his own portrait (No. 65). He seems to have been rather a dandy in his day—a little finical in his dress, if we may judge from his smart cap and feather: his *amour propre*, however, does not seem to have imposed extraordinary labour on his pencil on this occasion, for the picture is less elaborately finished than his productions usually are.

No. 76. 'The Corset Bleu,' by Metzu, which derives its title from the colour of the lady's boddice, or rather her jerkin, is admirable for the delicacy of its execution. It does not, however, captivate the eye much at first sight, nor is the subject a particularly interesting one. Highly wrought, too, as all the details are, there is so little of that showy ambitious effect at which modern artists seem more especially to aim, that it requires an attentive inspection to convince us of the labour and skill expended on it. Neither the lady nor the gentleman

exhibits what our fashionable writers would term an *air distingué*.—*Mervrouw* is as mere a Dutch *vrouw* as one would desire to behold, with hands of a somewhat awe-inspiring size, but like every other part of the picture, most carefully and naturally finished. In truth this little cabinet-piece evinces a refined perception of the pictorial character of natural objects, without any discrimination of beauty, or any of that quality we term taste. An 'Interior,' by Jan Steen (No. 104.), which shows us the painter and his family; and No. 150, 'The Effects of Intemperance,' by the same artist, are both of them exceedingly choice productions; and the latter, more especially, possesses a degree of brilliancy rarely to be found in paintings of the same date, be they ever so well preserved. At the same time it must be confessed that the subject is treated with a degree of freedom which a modern artist could not indulge in without being severely reprimanded by the critics*. There are several portraits by Titian and Tintoret in this and the South Room, but none of them are of superior merit; nor do the former display any of that peculiar character which we should term Titianesque. There are, however, some very fine Claudes, particularly No. 62. 'A View in the Mediterranean'; and one or two Cuyps, hardly at all inferior, although so different in the style of subject. No. 55, or 'Moonlight with Shipping,' is one of the most admirable representations of the kind we ever beheld: Claude himself could not have given the effect with greater skill and taste. No. 121. 'The Angels appearing to the Shepherds,' is also an exceedingly beautiful specimen from the same pencil.

But in the way of landscape, there is a most delightful little piece by Gainsborough, the only one of his in the gallery, or indeed of any artist of the English school, with the exception of Reynolds. It is so brilliant and clear, so full of air and sunshine and freshness, that it absolutely makes some of the Italian skies look hard and dingy in compa-

* A weekly periodical has recently suggested that the National Gallery, the British Museum, &c. might be very advantageously opened a few hours every Sunday to the public, and that the British Institution and the other Exhibitions should, at the close of each season, be opened gratuitously to those classes who cannot afford to pay for seeing pictures.—As to the scheme of Sunday exhibitions, we think it will be some time before it be adopted in this country. Even such an exhibition as the present one at the British Gallery would not be likely to prove particularly edifying; nor would matters be greatly mended by veiling on those days such subjects as the Recumbent Venus and the Jan Steen, which are certainly not of the most spiritualized nature, nor calculated to excite particularly devout meditations.

rison with it, and causes the features of Ausonian scenery to appear sombre. Those who pity our artists for having to contend with the disadvantages of an English atmosphere, should go and examine this charming *morceau*, No. 95, 'View of Henney Church, Suffolk, - the birth-place of Gainsborough'; and to say the truth, such an enchantingly rustic spot as this was worthy of being the birth-place of one who was probably indebted to the first impressions he received from it for the feeling with which he embellished these sylvan subjects.

In the South Room is a very singular sketch by Sir Joshua, No. 183. 'Portraits of distinguished Connoisseurs, painted at Rome.' This group of grotesque caricatures is valuable merely as a curiosity; for, we apprehend, had it been the production of a less distinguished pencil, it would hardly have been deemed worthy of the place it occupies. It certainly forms a rather startling contrast to the pictures by the same hand we meet with in this apartment, especially the 'Portrait of the late Duke of Cumberland' (No. 189.), and that of 'Lord Ligonier on horseback' (No. 164); both of which are in a masterly style, and finished with more than usual care. Nos. 149. and 151. a 'Girl and Dog,' and a 'Girl drawing,' are two charming subjects in Reynolds's happiest manner, and very far superior to the similar ones by Greuze, two or three of which are to be seen in the present Exhibition. Compared with our English artist, the Frenchman is cold in colour and affected in expression, yet not altogether without something engaging.

One of the most extraordinary proofs of the pitch to which the deceptive powers of painting may be carried, is a piece by Hentz (No. 154.), representing a cabinet of shelves, containing daggers, curiously ornamented pistols, carved cups, and a great number of different articles of *bijouterie*, most of which are as intrinsically interesting in themselves, as for the surprising verisimilitude with which they are depicted. We have already spoken of Titian's 'Venus' and the 'Murillo,' in this division of the gallery: and as we cannot attempt to particularize the remaining pictures, we shall not lengthen our article by merely stating their titles and the painters' names. It will be sufficient for us to close our remarks with expressing our satisfaction at seeing so magnificent a display of works of art, and congratulating artists on their having so excellent an opportunity of studying the styles of the ancient masters.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS*.

GILBERT DE SISSEVERNE, according to Matthew Paris, flourished in the 12th century, was a monk of St. Albans, and the architect of the Abbey Church; also **BALDWIN**, archbishop of Canterbury, who erected a chapel at Hackington near Canterbury, and, according to Leland, another at Lambeth, and died in 1190.

HUGH PUDSEY, Bishop of Durham, as related in Surtees' Durham, built the gable or west chapel of the cathedral of Durham; also a sumptuous shrine for the relics of the Venerable Bede, and a church and episcopal mansion at Darlington. In 1195 Walter of Coventry is supposed to have been the architect of Chichester Cathedral, consecrated in 1199. (See Hay's History of Chichester.) But the merit of this work is also given to Seffrid II.

HUGH DE GRENOBLE, Bishop of Lincoln, 1195, adopted the new style of Canterbury Cathedral in building that of Lincoln, which vast edifice he undertook to finish. The erection of the choir, eastern transept, and chapter-house, are generally ascribed to his taste and skill. So intent was the bishop on this great work, that, according to Matthew Paris, he carried stones and mortar upon his shoulders for the use of the masons. Lincoln Cathedral, except the nave, was nearly finished at the time of the bishop's death in 1200, but this part of the church was not finished till near 50 years afterwards.

GODFREY DE LUCY, Bishop of Winchester, who died in 1204, built part of the chapel and other parts of Winchester Cathedral; and **JOHN DE EBOR**, abbot of Fountains from 1203 to 1209, began the erection of the Abbey Church.

JOCELINE DE WELLES, Bishop of Wells, 1242, took down the greater part of his cathedral from the Presbytery westward, and rebuilt it on a more spacious and beautiful plan: this he was supposed to have done after his return from exile about 1213 or 1214, after which it is said he gave himself altogether to the adorning and increasing the state of his church; the whole of the building from the west end, except the

* Continued from p. 71.—The Editor begs to state, that it is the intention of the writer of these very interesting notices, to bring them down to a recent period, and conclude with a Table, showing, in alphabetical order, the architect to whose genius we are indebted for our principal edifices, with the date, &c.: thus—

<i>Building.</i>	<i>Architect.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
St. Paul's.	Sir C. Wren, &c.	1710 fin.	

upper part of the western towers to the middle of the present choir, is reputed to have been erected by this prelate.

HELYAS DE BERHAM, or ELLIAS, (for Walpole presumes these two names were meant for the same person,) was a canon of Salisbury in 1209, and overseer of Salisbury Cathedral; and RICHARD POORE, bishop of Salisbury from 1209 to 1228, began the erection of that cathedral. He was translated to Durham, and died in 1237. THOMAS MELSONBY or MELSAUBE, Prior of Durham, of which diocese he was elected bishop in 1237, but was obliged to resign three years after, (see Leland,) built the Cathedral Church of Durham in conjunction with Bishop Ferneham. According, however, to the account of Durham Cathedral, published by the Society of Antiquaries, Melsonby only executed the vaulting of the nave, under the auspices of Bishop Poore, though the chapel of the Nine Altars is said to have been begun about the same time.

EUSTATIUS, Bishop of Ely, is presumed by Bentham to have built the west part of his cathedral called the Gallilee. (See Stevenson's Continuation of Bentham's Ely.) This bishop died in 1215.

William de Hoo, chosen Prior of Rochester in 1239, built the choir of Rochester Cathedral.

ODO AURIFABER, or OTHO the *Goldsmith*, was appointed Clerk of the Works at Westminster 21st of Hen. III. Lord Orford presumes that he was the father of Edward Fitz Odo, or Edward of Westminster, who flourished in 1250, and was Master of the Works at Westminster. (See a long account of him in Lord Orford's Work, as a worker in jewelry and precious stones.) Fitz Odo was elected Prior of Westminster in 1341; his knowledge and skill in the mechanical arts seem to have given rise to that reputation which he afterwards enjoyed. Walsingham the historian speaks of his skill in goldsmiths' work at a time when he was a junior monk of the church; but turning his mind to the study of architecture, he became one of the most eminent professors of that period. Roger Grosseteste (or Greathead), bishop of Lincoln, who died in 1253, built the rood tower of Lincoln Cathedral to the beginning of the upper story, and finished some additions to the old west front begun by Hugh de Wells. Grosseteste was born in Suffolk, of parents in such low estate as obliged him to beg his bread; he afterwards became the most learned man of his age, particularly excelling in all the branches of mathematical learning, and at length became Bishop of Lincoln in 1235. Hugh de Northwold, bishop of Ely, built the presbytery of that cathedral, and died in 1254.

The next architect we have upon record is

WALTER DE GRAY, Archbishop of York, 1227.

He was the successor of Bishop Roger in that see, and rebuilt the choir of the cathedral and its vaults, and added the south part of the cross aisle or transept,—a beautiful specimen of the architecture of those days, when the heavy pillar gave place to the cluster of light and elegant columns, adorned with luxuriant foliage, and the windows made high and pointed. Gray died in 1255.

About this period Bishops POORE and BRIDPORT rebuilt or rather added to Salisbury Cathedral; and NICHOLAS FERNEHAM, Bishop of Durham, who died in 1257, rebuilt the cathedral of Durham, in conjunction with Bishop MELSONBY. JOHN OF HERBERT, Abbot of St. Albans, in 1263, made great additions to his convent; and THOMAS ICKMAN, a monk and sacrist of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, built the west gate of the cemetery of St. Augustine's in 1268.

RICHARD DE CROYLAND, Abbot of Croyland from 1281 to 1303, at which time he resigned his office, erected the transept of his Abbey Church. HENRY DE EASTRIA, prior of Canterbury, erected the organ-screen about 1310; and THOKEY or CHOKEY, abbot of Gloucester from 1307 to 1329, rebuilt the south aisle of the church. William Boyden was chief architect of the Chapel of the Virgin at St. Alban's Abbey Church, erected between 1308 and 1326.

ANTHONY BEC, BEK, or BEAK, Bishop of Durham, 1293, was a great builder of Castles. He erected or enlarged those of Bernard and Gainsford in his diocese; also Alnwick Castle, Northumberland; Somerton Castle, Lincolnshire; and the palace of Eltham in Kent. He died in 1310.

HENRY LATOMUS, or HENRY the Stonecutter, who died in 1319, rebuilt the chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, abbots' hall, and kitchen of the monastery of Evesham; and WILLIAM STOW, of the same monastery, sacrist, built the new steeple or belfry of the Abbey Church, in 1319. JOHN HELPSTONE was the architect of the new or water tower built in the walls of Chester 1322; and RICHARD DE GAYNESBURGH, or GAINSBOROUGH, was employed as architect to Lincoln Cathedral about 1325.

PRIOR CROWDER, 1324, erected the great Hall at Ely, now the residence of the registrar to the Dean and Chapter. He also erected, in the 18th or 19th of Edward II., the curious oratory called the Priors' Chapel. "It is evident," says Stevenson, in his Continuation of Bentham's Ely, "from the style of the building and its ornaments, that the same architect constructed the Priors' and the Lady Chapel." In the

time in which this prior lived, there were more expensive buildings in progress than perhaps at any other since the foundation of Ely cathedral. **HUGH DE EVERSDEN**, Abbot of St. Albans, who died in 1326, built the Lady Chapel in that abbey church. **WALTER DE WESTON** was appointed clerk of the King's works in the Palace of Westminster and Tower of London in 1330. At the commencement of the building of St. Stephen's Chapel, Weston was one of the Royal Chaplains, and had, according to Smith's *Westminster*, a prebend in St. Stephen's Chapel given him by the King.

Connected with Weston was **THOMAS OF CANTERBURY**, a mason and architect employed in 1330 in the erection of St. Stephen's Chapel Westminster, and is supposed by Smith to have even made the design for that building.

JOHN DE LANGTON, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1337, built the Chapter-house and inserted the great west window in his cathedral church.

JOHN WIGMORE, Abbot of Gloucester, is said to have built the choir of Gloucester Abbey, now the cathedral church. He died in 1337. **WILLIAM DE CHYRTON** (see Rudge's *Evesham*), Abbot of Evesham, built the abbey gate, with chapels, &c. He died in 1334.—**HATFIELD**, Bishop of Durham, 1345, according to Howard's *Life of Lady Jane Gray*, p. 105, built Dudley House, in the Strand, for the Duke of Northumberland; but I find no corroboration of this statement: and **JOHN BASTREL** in 1347 was clerk of the works at Westminster: he rebuilt the chapel of St. Stephen there, after it was destroyed by fire; he also repaired Westminster Hall.—**JOHN DE LINCOLN** was appointed master of the works in the King's chapel in the palace of Westminster, March 28, 1350.

Having given a mere list of names of architects of whom few particulars are to be found, it is delightful to the author and reader to turn to a name of which some interesting details are come down to us.

ALAN DE WALSINGHAM,

who in 1341 was sacrist of the monastery of Ely, and was also a prior of the cathedral, became one of the most eminent architects of his time. When sub-prior in 1321, he laid the first stone of St. Mary's Chapel in Ely Cathedral; and the falling of the great tower of this building afforded ample display for his genius. The idea which he formed of erecting a lofty spacious octagonal tower, crowned with a dome and lanthorn, in place of the old tower, was new and striking. He had no model to facilitate the difficulties of erecting such a structure, so

original in its kind. These difficulties did not, however, deter him from attempting it: and his success in this undertaking is a proof of his superior skill, and an existing monument of his great abilities as an architect: for that he alone was the deviser of the work, and acted throughout as principal architect, is clear from the account that is given of it, and is moreover confirmed by his epitaph. This celebrated tower was finished at the expense of the convent in 1342, and cost 2406*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* Although there is no direct proof that he designed the plans of St. Mary's Chapel, Ely, and also of Bishop Hotham's new buildings, yet it is most probable that these two works are of his hand. The *oversight* of St. Mary's Chapel, while it was building, was given to JOHN DE WISBECH, one of the monks of the monastery, who was also *overseer* to Alan of Walsingham. That the choir of Ely Cathedral was begun by Alan while he was sacrist, and finished in his life-time, is known, from an Eulogium written on him when he was prior. Besides the great works about the church, including a most elegant set of stalls for the choir, Alan was continually making improvements in the monastery: both while he was sacrist and prior he nearly new-built a residence for the sacrist, and added to it several apartments. This building, as a specimen of the domestic architecture of that period, is well worthy attention; it having, with two others, undergone but trifling alteration since its erection. The doorway, which has a reticulated tympanum, and the transome stone, so highly characteristic of the Saxon *æra*, are given in vol. i. plate 5. of Bentham's Ely: it was the north doorway of the church. Having inclosed the sacrist's office within a strong wall, he erected, in the north-west corner, a square building of stone, covered with lead: part of this house he appropriated for the use of the goldsmiths' work, and for other purposes connected with his situation. Another building taken notice of as built by him, was contiguous to the infirmary: it was of stone, covered with lead, and had convenient offices under it, chiefly intended for the use of the custos of the infirmary. In Alan's time, also were bells put up in the great western tower of Ely Cathedral.—*Bentham, &c. &c.*

REDE, Bishop of Chester.

This most able architect of his time was formerly a Fellow of Merton College Oxford. The gateway to the library* of this college is known to have been erected from his plans; and from internal evidence, Mr. Dallaway conjectures the chapel was at least designed by him. Antony

* To which he furnished its first collection of books.

Wood fixes the date of the re-edification of this chapel A.D. 1424; and Rede died in 1385, when the plan *might* have been given, and the foundation laid.—The tower was built by THOMAS RODEBORN, warden, who was consecrated Bishop of St. David's in the last-mentioned year. But the style of the small and equally clustered pillars round the piers of the tower, and the heads of the windows, all of which form different figures, favours Mr. Dallaway's opinion, as far as an exact resemblance to both in Exeter Cathedral and St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, recorded as of the early part of the reign of Edward III. The great east window at Merton College is perhaps the most perfect instance of that manner of spreading the mullions (now in being) with so rich an effect. The external paneling of the tower and the pinnacles of Merton College are of a later date than the chapel, and were probably added by Bishop Rodeborn. The timber frame-work within is most curiously constructed. Rede excelled also in military architecture, as the Gateway of his Castle at Amberley, Sussex, now remaining, is sufficient evidence. It is a singular fact, that William of Wykeham, his successor, and great superior in his art, discovered the eminent abilities of Rede at the Royal Castle of Windsor.

JOHN KENDAL was, according to a grant in the Patent Rolls, supervisor of all the King's works in the reign of Edward IV. (1470). And THOMAS DE HORTON, Abbot of Gloucester, who died in 1337, made additions and accommodations of the nave and whole roof to the Gothic or pointed style in 1348, after the heavy tower at the west end of the cathedral of Gloucester was taken down in the reign of Edward III. The cloisters of Gloucester cathedral were commenced building by Horton in 1351, but left incomplete for several years; and were at length finished by Abbot FRAWCESTER about 1390. He also erected the Guest Hall, and the north transept of the Abbey Church, now the cathedral. JOHN ABBOT, of the same cathedral, who died in 1381, is supposed to have executed the vaulting of the choir.—NICHOLAS WALTON is mentioned in the Patent Rolls of Richard II. as "master carpenter and engineer of the King's works for the art of carpentry;" and Mr. Dallaway thinks it probable that the roofs of the halls of Eltham and Westminster were designed by and executed under his superintendence.—(See Anthony de Bec.)

(To be continued.)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Remarks upon Landscape Painting in Water-Colours, from the Common-Place Book of an Amateur. Houghton and Co., Poultry.

AN artist will not arrive at proficiency by reading ; but by much practice in his art, much copying of nature, and a close observation of the manner in which his predecessors have attained to excellence. Still, reading is absolutely necessary to imbue his mind with principles and taste, and store it with ideas, without which his productions will fall without effect. It is the misfortune of art, as well as of every other pursuit, to be beset by pretenders, who affect to give rules where rules can be of no avail :—we have yet seen no work professing to teach tyros how to write, which accomplishment is left to the master with his pen and ferrule. But the drawing-master, in addition to receiving his quarterly salary, is also desirous of drawing an extra crown from his pupil's pockets, and he accordingly writes a book, which he recommends, and makes it at least half as long again as there was any reason to do. Such works on art accordingly abound, and find a certain sale, for they may be procured at so much per dozen, to be retailed at a handsome profit ; and the drawing-master is a man wise in his generation.

These observations do not apply to the work before us, which is given in exactly the manner in which we should wish to see it. In the smallest compass and the fewest words, it gives us, with a variety of additional observations, the most useful part of the information upon the subject contained in the more comprehensive works of Nicholson, Cox, Varley, &c. which are now becoming scarce. With all this gleanings, it is a strong confirmation of our remarks, to find that the author could concentrate all that was deserving of being extracted with reference to his views in less than a dozen pages, and give them with a short history of the Art of Painting in Water-Colours, with other observations, for eighteen pence ! After this we need scarcely add, that we strongly recommend this able and unpretending little work to the young artist and the amateur.

Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second. Part III.

THIS Part will be found to possess all the attractions which entitled the former ones to the patronage of the higher classes of society. It contains the portraits of Lady Denham, the Countess of Rochester, the Countess of Chesterfield, and of Lady Southesk, with Memoirs of Lady

Ossory, Nell Gwynne, Lady Denham, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Duchess of Richmond. In these, Mrs. Jameson has collected all the information which has been handed down to us respecting these far-famed Beauties, and given it in the same pleasing style which characterized her *Diary of an Ennuyée*, and other works. Two of the plates are engraved by Wright, the others by Thompson and Holl, and are well worthy of the work, especially the last. In the print of Lady Denham, the ear is much out of drawing; though whether it be the fault of the engraver or not, we cannot say. We should have felt great pleasure in enlivening our pages with a quotation from some of the memoirs, but our limits are so much taken up with the addenda to the First Volume, that we must content ourselves with merely recommending the work to such of our readers as have not already procured it.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages.
Part II. By J. Britton, F.S.A.

MR. BRITTON is one of the most indefatigable labourers in their cause that the Arts in the present day possess, and his perseverance would induce us to hope that he has found his labours well rewarded. In the present work, which is illustrated with some very beautifully executed engravings, he has afforded a promise of what has long been a desideratum in our literature,—an able explanation of the terms used in relation to architecture, especially that of the Middle Ages. We have observed with much regret a degree of opposition made by his fellow professors to Mr. Britton. He may not be quite accurate upon some points, nor quite entitled to the merit of originality upon others, and in both may have put forward his pretensions in a manner not the most commendable: but in despite of every objection we must acknowledge Mr. Britton's services; and in the present work, provided he will keep faithful to his engagements, he will confer an undoubted benefit on all those who are interested in the elucidation of our architectural antiquities.

A cotemporary has dwelt lately with much ability on the hardship to which writers on such subjects are exposed, by the operation of the law compelling authors and publishers to give so many copies of their works to the public libraries. In the instance there alluded to, however, Mr. Britton has not much reason to complain. He was not the original proprietor of the work; and the money so ostentatiously said to have been drawn from his pocket, was drawn, if at all, either from

the pockets of the original proprietors, or from the pockets of the public, who have to pay a larger price for the works in consideration of what is so given away. In either case the evil is great, and we trust that many years will not elapse before the legislature shall revise so unjust a provision. The Universities are quite rich enough to purchase such works as are necessary for their learned readers; and the other libraries that are now supplied from this source are not more entitled to them, than a dozen other institutions that might be named. In point of fact, the vilest use possible is made of this important privilege at both our Universities. As soon as a new novel is published, and the news of its arrival is spread through the colleges, away scamper a host of the reverend wights to secure the treasure; and if they find also the expensively illustrated works, meant for those who *can* understand them, they are immediately seized for the tea-tables and gossiping parties of those who cannot, as long as the rules of the library allow them to be lent. In truth, Mr. Colburn it is who has most right to complain of this abuse. The other works do not lose perhaps a single purchaser by the enactment; but many a captivating novel remains unbought, and the circulating libraries are defrauded, while the public suffer by even a larger sum being put upon the publication price for this reason on expensive books, than was necessary for the protection of the proprietors.

The British Herald. 3 Vols. 4to. Robson, Sunderland. 1831.

We are tempted to turn a little out of our way to notice this work, which we think does great credit to our provincial literature. Mr. Robson, we understand, has not only collated the 70,000 distinct coats of armour, and given an able dissertation on Heraldry, but also, unaided, engraved the 70 plates illustrating his work. It will be a sufficient recommendation for us to state, that Sir W. Scott, when some time ago in Sunderland, was much gratified with the Dissertation, and accepted the Dedication to him.

London Pageants. Nichols and Son.

THERE is nothing more gratifying in the consideration of our literature, than that arising from the ready attention paid to consulting every taste, especially those of antiquarians, and others who are desirous from a higher feeling of curiosity to inquire into the characteristics of former ages. We have so associated ideas of mummery with the amusements

of our forefathers, as to forget that the same taste which was shown in those wondrous piles of architecture they have bequeathed us, might also have been evinced in the designs,—though quaint the devices,—of their pageants and processions. Those who are curious in considering the progress of improvement, will feel interested in this record of the glories and enjoyments of past ages.

Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare. By F. Howard. Part XV.

MR. HOWARD has chosen a bold theme, to attempt to give the Spirit of Shakspeare; but we must acknowledge our predilection for those who nobly dare to compete with lofty subjects, feeling the truth of the adage, The more that is attempted the more will be effected. We have heard several persons, for whose opinions we feel great respect, speak in high terms of Mr. Howard's designs, and we wish him the success to which his industry and perseverance, as well as his talents, are well entitled.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Observing in your Seventh Number some account of my late esteemed friend Mr. Northcote, I beg leave to say that I conceive it to be perfectly characteristic of the individual; and thinking that the following anecdotes of him may prove worthy your acceptance, I have sent them, with a hope that they will amuse your readers.

In the year 1800 I was residing in a house, the back of which was east of that of Mr. Northcote's. I was in my 14th year, and had never beheld a single work of art in oil-colours. Having however at a very early period of my life had a predilection for drawing, I was particularly gratified at a sight of various pictures being placed to dry in the sun as it shone in that window of Mr. Northcote's painting-room, which you have particularly described. These works of art gave me a desire to be acquainted with the painter; and through a trifling circumstance which led me to the door of his house, I made a bold request to be permitted to see the collection of pictures which were upstairs. On entering the front room it was with that pleasure that an heir enters upon his estate. Shortly after Mr. Northcote entered, to whom I made my best bow, and begged his pardon for such intrusion, both of which were needless to such a man,—as time and circumstances have

sufficiently proved to me, and indeed to all who knew him : there was no ceremony about him, and he sought none. He well knowing my business with him, laid down his palette and pencils and showed me his works, desiring me to comment upon them. I pleaded inability to do so, to which he replied, "he learnt something from children's prattle, for they spoke the truth." Our conversation ended in his telling me that I was to consider myself at liberty to enter those rooms at my pleasure ; consequently I embraced every opportunity : and shortly after Mr. Northcote put several questions to me relative to my progress through life ; and having satisfied him, I made bold to request the same from himself. This was readily granted ; but as much of it has appeared in the Library of the Fine Arts, I shall merely state that which is but little known.

"In Devon," said Northcote, "there were four cottages." He then held up his left hand, and with the fourth finger of the right he deliberately touched each of the four fingers of his left, uttering, "The cottages stood in four directions : there was East-cot, North-cot, South-cot*, and West-cot." Thus originated his name.

From the manner of his describing the above, I considered he was no adept at arithmetic, which idea was confirmed by the servant entering the room with part of the change out of a guinea, when the fingers were again referred to, to see all was right. Some years after, Mr. Northcote lent me a book of memorandums in his own hand-writing, wherein he has exhibited his inability to make an account out but in his own way, and which is worded thus : "Received fifteen pounds in part of thirty guineas for a picture. There is now due to me fifteen guineas and fifteen shillings."

I have often heard him say that "he never could learn his lesson at school, and that his copy was hardly legible ; but if there was a prize to be obtained, he then managed to write a fine hand with all the usual flourishes." In painting he said that he never could study the rules of composition to make sketches and drawings before-hand, he must begin at once or he could do nothing. This will account for the very few sketches to be seen.

On the 7th of July I paid my respects to him, and found him sitting at the window of his bed-room alone. I had not been to see him before for two months. He said he was glad to see me, and asked why I had not come sooner. My excuse was that I considered he was much sur-

* As the name of Northcote originated as above described, we may believe that the name of Joanna Southcott (the prophetess), who was born in the same county, also originated in the like manner.

rounded with friends, and it was necessary that some should keep in the back-ground. He thought it very considerate, and then talked of the death of poor Jackson, a man he liked equal to any one living or dead. All this time was taken up in looking for his snuff-box ; and as soon as he got it he gave me a steady look, in which I saw a difference to that I had been accustomed to see for thirty years, it was more dejected than the Ugolino by Sir Joshua. He said, " Well, now you're come, what think 'e of me, do I look like a long inhabitant for this world, or like a visitor for the next ? " At this moment Miss Northcote, who is nearly of the same age as her brother, came into the room and heard my answer, which was, that I never saw him so reduced in flesh. " Oh, but you don't flatter me," he cried, " my friends say that I look better." A knock was heard at the street-door ; it was his doctor, and I took my leave, my friend desiring *I would come again soon* ; but I never saw him more, or heard of him until the fourth day after his decease. Some years since Mr. Northcote said to a friend, that " he looked upon me as a *son*." I may in return observe, that in him I have lost a *father*. He has been pleased to remember me in his will, and I should feel grateful for any opportunity of testifying my gratitude.

In a conference with Mr. Northcote's old and faithful servant Mrs. Gilchrist, I have been given to understand that on the 8th of July her master became very feeble, and required her whole attention for his comfort ; yet although he was as helpless as an infant, he retained his senses, and thanked her for her kindness, remarking that he could not have supposed there was a person on earth with so much feeling. He was conscious of his rapid dissolution, and desired her to retire to rest ; but her feelings were too acute for sleep, and her mind was bent entirely on restoring his health,—but all was useless. In the morning of the 13th Mrs. Gilchrist raised her master to give him some tea ; but he swallowed but little, and the yolk of an egg with difficulty. For twelve hours he remained very quiet, and expired at twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the evening.

Fearful of trespassing on your pages, I shall conclude with a hope that the following may be admitted as a lesson worthy the consideration of the most elevated rank of persons, who are too often to be found forgetful of the services of their domestics, leaving them too frequently in their old age to live and die in poverty. Such has not been the case with Mr. Northcote. Many times in my hearing he mentioned with delight the legacy of 1000*l.* which Sir Joshua Reynolds left to his man-servant ; and although he has not been able to surpass Sir Joshua in painting, he has, to his credit, outstepped him in his estimation of

services, by leaving to Mrs. Gilchrist (who is a widow) and her two children, 1700*l.* To a young woman who left his service four years ago, he left 1250*l.*; and to her sister, a little girl, servant with him at the time of his death, 100*l.*

Your obedient Servant,

A. W.

English Artists in Rome.

SIR,—I cannot tell why it has become the fashion in the present day, above all others, to abuse the characters of artists; to hold them up to the world as persons unfit for society in general; and to represent them as acting towards each other more like fiends than human beings. As I am one of these unfortunate persons, though a very humble one, I shall hardly perhaps be allowed a hearing while I say, that, passing all my life with my professional brethren, I have never been able to discover in what they are worse than other men. On the contrary, were I asked from whom in the course of my life I have received the greatest and most disinterested kindness, I should say, from my brother artists; nor, taxing my memory to the utmost, should I be able to register one single instance, that has come within my knowledge, of an ungenerous action committed by them; while I could tell of thousands, of which I have been myself the subject, full of kindness, liberality, and every noble and honourable feeling. The abuse to which I allude has hitherto, for the most part, been confined to newspapers and other ephemeral publications, and might have passed away with the occasion that gave rise to it: but lest anything so precious should be lost to the world, the whole has been lately collected into one focus, and put forth in the shape of a *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Allow me to quote, for the edification of your readers, one or two passages from this elegant addition to the literature of the age. At page 239, vol. ii. it is thus written:—

“No profession is so saturated with jealousy, envy, and detraction, as that of the painter”.

This is a mere observation *en passant*; let us go to something more precise and personal: we shall find a rich specimen in page 285, vol. i.

“Horace’s ‘*Genus irritabile vatum*’ conveys no idea of the feelings existing between rival painters. It would seem almost as if each artist’s palette had been put into his hand from Pandora’s box; and the ‘*vates*’ are gentle turtle-doves compared to painters. It is, I suppose, for this reason, that at the Roman Academy of St. Luke, two lectures are

annually delivered to the students and artists against 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.' It is to be imagined that these lectures have a salutary effect upon the Catholic audience or upon the Italian temperament, and on these alone; *for I am credibly informed, by English residents and students at Rome, that the pupils from our country are remarked for envy, detraction, and overreaching, more than those from almost any other part of Europe.*"

I am sure your readers will admire the style and spirit of these quotations. When the book fell into my hands, I had just returned from Rome, where I had been living with the English artists in the best good fellowship, and had left them with feelings of gratitude and admiration. It is, indeed, on account of these my friends who are "over the seas and far away," that I venture to address you.—I can assure you then, Mr. Editor, and your readers, the patrons of Art and Artists, that the English artists in Rome are not the devils incarnate here represented; but, on the contrary, they are a quiet, peaceable, respectable body of men, distinguished for imagination and talent, and following their studies with a simplicity and perseverance flowing from the love of art and the desire of excellence. They are men having like passions with others, and subject to the same infirmities; but it would be difficult to find anywhere a collection of individuals possessing more good qualities, living in more honourable union, or exercising towards each other more kind and friendly feelings. Of these I have been both the witness and the subject. A residence of nearly seven years amongst them gives me the right to speak; and were I to hold my peace, I should feel like a guilty thing moving in society, conniving at calumnies which I had not the spirit to contradict.

Had the author of this book ever been in Italy, he could not have fallen into such gross errors. Pity, pity 'tis, he should have allowed himself to become the proclaimier of reports proceeding from the distorted mind of some individual; for though he talks in the plural number of his informers, I am quite sure no two persons who have ever been in Rome could be produced to support statements so unfounded and unjust. At any rate, I give you testimony directly the reverse; and perhaps the testimony of one, however humble, signed by his name, may be allowed to stand fairly in competition with the anonymous representations of Mr. Williams's "credible informers."

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

THOMAS UWINS.

25, Percy Street, Aug. 13, 1831.

MISCELLANEA.

Society for the Encouragement of Medal Engraving.—We feel great pleasure to observe the formation of this Society, the prospectus of which is just published. It is a well written paper; the rules are drawn with great judgment; and we trust the Society will meet with due encouragement. It is, indeed, a stigma upon the national character, that this branch of Art should have been so signally neglected among us, as to have “obliged Captain Mudie to get the greater part of his Series of National Medals engraved in France; and that the Series of the Kings of England should have been executed entirely by a Frenchman!” To this we may add the wretched taste displayed in our coinage, and the recent disgrace of a foreigner’s name stuck so conspicuously on one of the best specimens from our Mint. We will only add, that names of members are received at “all the principal printsellers in town and country, and that subscriptions are not expected to be paid until the medals are ready for delivery.”

The New Palace.—We are glad to find that it is at length determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and to complete this structure as a residence for His Majesty; for much as may yet remain to be done in entirely fitting it up, there can be no doubt that it will be attended with less cost than in renovating St. James’s, and with less sacrifice of money than would arise from now appropriating the building in the Park to any other purpose. The principal apartments must be already so far finished, with regard to their architectural decorations, as to require little more doing to them in that way; while such as are not, may be less lavishly decorated for the present than was at first contemplated; since further embellishment can always be gradually added from time to time.

As to the external architectural character of the edifice, no skill can now improve that, or impart to it the grandeur in which it is so deficient, without making such alterations as would be tantamount to rebuilding the shell. It must, therefore, whether inhabited or not, remain as it is—a monument of trivial insipidity and ostentatious insignificance; nor do we perceive how its continuing unoccupied can in the least mend the matter. On the contrary, to suffer it to be unappropriated to any purpose, now that it is erected, would be only rendering the absurdity of erecting it at all so much the more palpable; because it would certainly not prove a more ornamental object should it be

suffered to remain in its present unfinished, huddled-up state ; nor should we then be able to overlook its want of beauty on the score of its at least serving the end for which it was intended.

After all, too, lamentably deficient as it is in that nobleness of aspect we naturally looked for in the new residence of our sovereigns,—particularly when we possess such palace-looking structures as the London University and the New Post Office, and when many of the recently erected club-houses exhibit a superior degree of architectural taste—the buiding in St. James's Park is not absolutely so very ugly as to be altogether uninhabitable on that account. Nay, it is in many respects, even *pretty* enough ; had it, therefore, been erected as a cluster of houses in the Regent's Park, or could we divest our minds of the idea that it was intended for a royal residence, we might perhaps even admire it for the very qualities that now cause us to behold it with regret and disappointment.

The various rumours that have been circulated as to its ultimate destination, and the report of the original idea having been abandoned, which was partly corroborated by the entire stoppage of the works, led us to conclude that it must be as deficient in internal accommodation as it unfortunately is in exterior majesty. We trust, however, that such will not turn out to be the case : but this is a point upon which the public have had no opportunity of judging, although occasion might have been taken of the long suspension of the workmen's tasks, to gratify a natural and not altogether unreasonable curiosity, by admitting visitors at certain hours each day. Under proper regulations and with the precaution of matting and roping off a passage through the suite of apartments, to prevent John Bull from indulging his *feeling* propensities, and examining beauty by his fingers' ends, this might have been done without any inconvenience,—with far less indeed than would be the case under any other circumstances. Should the workmen not be speedily ordered to resume their labours, we hope that permission may still be granted to this effect. Mr. Nash certainly could not raise an objection to the plan ; for unless report has strangely exaggerated, the interior is really princely, and does credit both to his taste and his fancy. Consequently the more these now-jealously-secluded beauties of his art are known—the more they are admired, the higher will his reputation stand, and the readier will the public be to overlook the deficiencies of the exterior. As to His present Majesty, we think that, at least as far as his own private feelings go, he would readily concur in the suggestion, were it but hinted to him ;

for William IV. has hitherto shown himself to be on all occasions disposed to consult the gratification of his subjects.

We cannot dismiss the subject of the new palace without a few remarks on the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Nash to a brother artist, Mr. D. Burton. The latter gentleman having according to order erected the Triumphal Arch into the Park from the road leading to the Palace, Mr. Nash is reported to have told him, that he would spoil his handiwork, which he effected by persuading His late Majesty to order a reservoir for water to be constructed immediately behind it; so that the Arch is now useless as an entrance, unless a bridge be built at a great expense over the reservoir. This puddle-hole, moreover, was perfectly unnecessary, as the Palace could have been well supplied in the same manner as are all the other houses in Pimlico; but so simple a plan would not have suited those whose object was to procure what is commonly called "a good job,"—and a good job accordingly it has been made:—surely a strict inquiry ought to be made into such matters.

Architectural Notices.—Peterborough.—The works, of which we gave a detailed account in a former Number, having been completed, the ceremony of re-opening the Cathedral was solemnized on Monday July 25th; and such was the interest excited, that there were upwards of three thousand persons assembled within the walls. The Bishop of Gloucester (late Dean of Peterborough), to whom the undertaking owes its origin, delivered an occasional sermon, in which he alluded to the historical events connected with the building, and gave the substance of an eulogium on the present works in the literal application of the text, "The glory of the latter house shall be greater than the former."—Hez. ii. 9. The subscribers, with others of the nobility and gentry, were afterwards elegantly entertained at the Deanery.

Waltham Cross.—We hear it is in contemplation to restore Waltham Cross, and that an architect has taken casts and measurements for the purpose. Its removal has also been proposed; and indeed if anything could justify a proceeding, it would be that march of encroachment which leaves it no longer an insulated object; but it should be to a conspicuous situation, and public property. It occurs to us that the grounds of the Gothic chapel now building in the neighbourhood might afford it a safe and suitable asylum.

Canterbury Cathedral is about to undergo important alterations and improvements in the interior.

Cambridge.—Works of an extensive nature are carrying on at Sydney College under the guidance of Sir J. Wyatville ; and Mr. Blore has commenced operations in Trinity College Chapel.

Necrology.—*M. Melling*.—This distinguished architectural and landscape painter, to whom the lovers of art are indebted for those two splendid works,—the 'Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople,' and the 'Voyage Pittoresque des Pyrénées Françaises,'—died in the early part of last July, at the advanced age of 68. The first-mentioned of the above publications occupied more than the half of his long life, and conveys, as far as it is possible for the pencil so to do, a faithful idea of the enchanting scenery and picturesque beauties of the Ottoman capital, where fantastic but not inelegant architecture is blended with the most captivating landscape. Putting politics out of the question, we do not wonder that Russia should have cast a longing eye on the shores of the Bosphorus, and the fair city that graces them. These views, which realize the most glowing descriptions travellers have given us, were the result of a long residence at Constantinople, where M. Melling was employed as architect and draftsman by Selim III. and the Sultana Hadigè. After spending many years in the Turkish capital, he returned to France, where he was appointed landscape-painter to the King's Cabinet. In his work on the Pyrenees he was assisted by the talents of his daughter, Madame Clerget.

The late P. Nasmyth.—This artist, who died at Lambeth on the 17th of last month, in his forty-sixth year, was the son of a Scottish artist, formerly of considerable reputation, who is still surviving. The son has been long known to the public as possessed of considerable ability, especially in the delineation of rural scenery, hedge-rows, and lanes, in which he was very successful, and might have entitled himself to the honour of being named the British Hobbima, had he not like Morland—a kindred genius in too many respects—shown a greater predilection for low pleasures than for art. His little pictures, which every admirer of English scenery would be truly happy to possess, were unfortunately only struck off in the hour of necessity to supply his immediate wants ; and those who were not aware of his habits gave him credit for industry he did not deserve. It is said that he died from the effects of exposing himself to the pursuit of his studies in the country, while still labouring under

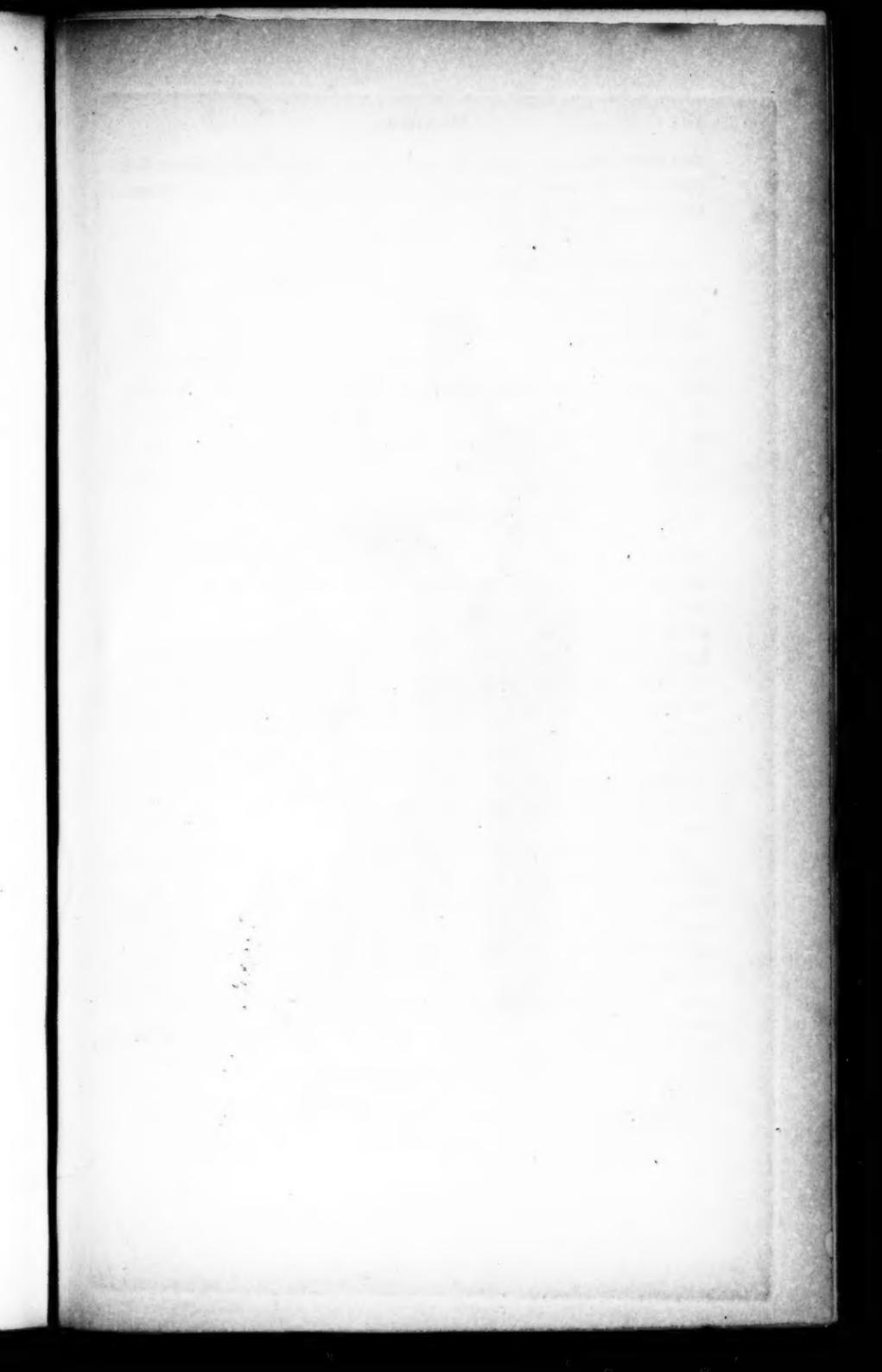
that extraordinary disease, the influenza, now so prevalent ; but he had enervated his constitution by his excesses, and fell on that account more easily a victim.

Bronze Statues.—Statues in bronze have been recently erected to the memory of two public men of opposite principles in politics,—Major Cartwright, and Mr. Pitt : the first is placed on the east side of Burton Crescent, the latter on the south side of Hanover Square. The statue of Major Cartwright is the size of life, and represents the venerable champion of radical reform seated in a morning robe, holding in his hands a volume of papers. The attitude is easy and natural ; but a statue of the size of life, erected in the open air, and viewed from a distance, has a mean appearance ; and this is increased by its elevation on a high pedestal, which of course diminishes the apparent size of the figure. Mr. Clarke of Birmingham is the sculptor.

The statue of Mr. Pitt is of colossal dimensions, and represents the senator standing in a simple and natural position, with the right leg advanced and the right hand holding a roll of paper resting on the thigh ; the left arm folded in the breast, supports part of the robe in which the figure is attired. The resemblance to the statesman both in feature and air is striking when the statue is viewed in front, and the ensemble is imposing and dignified. There is a breadth and repose in the figure on which the eye rests with satisfaction. The entire work reflects honour on Mr. Chantrey.

This eminent sculptor has also just finished a colossal bronze statue of King George IV., to be placed in Edinburgh. The monarch is attired in his coronation robes, and bears the sceptre in his right hand, but is not crowned.

Mr. Westmacott has finished the colossal equestrian statue in bronze of George III., which is to be erected on Snow Hill in Windsor Great Park. It is a noble work of art, and when viewed from a distance will present a grand appearance. The figure is attired in a robe, and the right hand points to the Castle, in which direction the statue will look when placed on its pedestal. The horse is finely formed and well modelled, and the action natural and spirited ; the hind leg, which is raised, is ingeniously supported on a tuft of dock leaves, which gives it a very light appearance.





G. B. PIRANESI.

Tozzioli Del:

Cosmo Armstrong Esq.

Library of the Fine Arts, 1831.

